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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Salisbury returned to Hatfield on Thursday night after spending two days with Her Majesty at Balmoral. It is not difficult to guess the subject of conversation between the Sovereign and her Prime Minister; and we suppose that next week we shall be reading the names of the Cabinet Ministers and other members of the Government. Everything of course must have been arranged before Lord Salisbury left London, and the fact that nobody outside the charmed circle has an inkling of what is going to happen shows that there are still some secrets which can be kept. Lord Salisbury's task was not so difficult as might be imagined, since certain members of the Government had placed their resignations in Lord Salisbury's hands, though we can imagine that one or two were not very eager to do so. It will be seen that our forecast will be fulfilled, and that there will be hardly any changes. A new First Lord of the Admiralty there must be; but we hear with feelings akin to despair that there is to be no change at the War Office. It may be however that the Prime Minister is waiting for the return of Lord Roberts before tackling the War Office. Let us hope so.

On Saturday the terms were published of an Anglo-German Agreement relating to China founded on notes exchanged between the two Powers on the 16th inst. Contradictory and speculative opinions of its meaning have filled the columns of the foreign press, the least contentious view being that England and Germany, as a preliminary to negotiations with the Chinese Government, thought it desirable that the Powers should be invited to make with England and Germany a common declaration of their often expressed intentions not to use the Chinese crisis as an opportunity for seizing particular advantages. No difficulty is anticipated that will prevent any of the Powers from acceding to it. Austria and Italy have already consented and France, Russia, and the United States are expected to join without raising substantial objections. It is not therefore an alliance with Germany in any exclusive sense.

The preamble reserves rights under existing treaties. Clause I, declares the policy of free and open ports on the rivers and littoral of China to all countries, and in

all Chinese territory, so far as the two Governments can exercise influence. Clause II, similarly states that they will not make use of the present complications to obtain territorial advantage, and will direct their policy towards maintaining the territorial integrity of China. In Clause III, it is declared that if any other Power endeavours to obtain territorial advantages "the two contracting parties reserve to themselves to come to a preliminary understanding as to the eventual steps to be taken for the protection of their own interests in China." The accidental omission of Russia from the list of Powers to whom the note was to be communicated, in the telegrams to Paris, caused a sensation there, as it gave colour to the assertion that by "any other Power" only Russia could be meant.

The comments of the foreign newspapers on the Agreement make good reading. Russian papers according, as the humour takes them, represent England either as the creature of Germany, or Germany as the creature of England from the time when she supported the claim to pay the Sudan Expedition out of the funds of the Egyptian Exchequer, down to her unexpected refusal to fulfil the hopes raised by the Emperor William's telegram to ex-President Kruger. In France M. Méline's bitterness against the Government is shown in the "République" by an article representing the Agreement as the triumph of English diplomacy over the French disposition to establish a Franco-German entente, not, of course, against Russia, but against England. According to this view the German Emperor has received "full liberty to satiate his conquering ambition in China" on the terms of giving up Mr. Kruger. The two "Imperialisms" British and German have for their programme war and annexations: a German China in Shantung or Peking; an English China in the Yang-tsze Valley.

With the exception of the Anglo-German Agreement the position of affairs as to the negotiations between the Chinese Government and the Powers remains practically what it has been so long. There is no more likelihood than there was a week ago that the efforts of the Powers to persuade the Court to return to Peking will be successful. The Mikado is the latest potentate who has joined the other Powers in entreating the Chinese Emperor to use "his authority" to procure the return to Peking and the punishment of the guilty conspirators. It is said by the "Times" Peking correspondent that the Court is in fact under the complete domination of General Tung-fuh-Siang and his soldiers, to whose interest it is that the Court should remain at Si-ngan. So far as the negotiations

may depend on the unanimity of the Powers there is every reason to believe that the Ministers are prepared to draw up terms as a basis of a settlement and to present them in the form of an ultimatum. The Viceroy and Governors of the Yangtze Provinces have been puzzled, as may easily be imagined, by a demand in reply to their memorial for the punishment of the Court's advisers, that they should state what punishment they consider proper.

The official intimation that Lord Roberts hopes to leave South Africa about 15 November should be a sign that the wearisome and profitless guerilla struggle is well nigh over. It must however be confessed that the activity displayed by the Boers in various parts of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony is disquieting. A night attack on Jagersfontein was only repulsed, after some of the prisoners confined there had—thanks to assistance from within the town—been released. Lord Methuen reports that an attack was made on his convoy near Zeerust on the 20th, and that en route thither a number of Boer wagons were captured. Offensive operations by General Knox near Kroonstad, by General Barton near Fredrikstad, and by General Settle near Bloemhof are reported. Meanwhile General French, moving from Carolina to Bethel, has encountered considerable opposition, having "a little fighting every day," as Lord Roberts says, unhappily at the cost of valuable lives. The Boer forces still in the field apparently consist of the ne'er-do-well and the foreign adventurer who has nothing to lose, but possibly something to gain, by continuing an unavailing struggle.

There is a seamy side to everything, and it is painful to learn from the wounded and invalided colonial soldiers, who have come here on their way home to the colonies, that many of them are owed arrears of pay by their respective colonial governments, and that our generous Admiralty proposes to send them back as steerage passengers! Lord and Lady Carrington have started a "Temporary Loan Fund for Wounded and Invalided Colonial Soldiers," and applied to the Lord Mayor for a grant out of his "discretionary fund," which was immediately made. Loans of from £1 to £2 a week have been advanced to these brave fellows, whose arrears range from £25 to £115, which is discreditable to the colonial governments. Arrangements have also been made with the Orient and Castle-Union steamship lines to allow to the convalescents despatched by the Admiralty in the steerage the deck and dietary comforts of second-class saloon passengers, and the Dominion Line to Canada has also made special provision for their comfort. It was a very timely and kindly idea of Lord and Lady Carrington to come to the assistance of these men.

Mr. Schreiner has resigned his seat in the Cape Parliament, having taken the opinion of his constituents on the Resolution of the Bond condemning his parliamentary action. This is in accordance with what was to be expected from Mr. Schreiner's known honesty and political independence. If he is returned, whether for Malmesbury or for another constituency, and he no doubt will come back to Parliament somewhere, his influence in the House will be strengthened, and his position made clearer alike towards the Bond and the Progressives. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Schreiner by the step he has taken becomes less Afrikaner and more Progressive, or that it at all alters his political attitude. Nor is this to be regretted, as he is more useful acting separately as representative of an independent Dutch section of opinion. Perhaps it may happen that he will be able to direct such opinion, as a Schreiner party, more conspicuously than he has been able to do while nominally acting with the Bond.

Imperial Federation has been discoursed upon during the week by Mr. Chamberlain at the Fishmongers' dinner, by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in Liverpool and by Mr. Haldane in Glasgow. It cannot be said that any of them contributed much to the better understanding of a theme which is ever the occasion of glowing periods but never of really practical consideration. Mr.

Haldane's previous utterances on the subject have given him a sort of reputation as an Imperial advocate which his Glasgow speech will certainly not confirm. He returns to the somewhat stale idea that the House of Lords may be converted into an Imperial consultative body. Mr. Haldane's views, however, are not less inadequate than those of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach who assures us that preferential tariffs in favour of the colonies are out of the question and that Imperial Federation can only be realised on a free-trade basis. If we are not to give the colonies preference in our customs houses, a free-trade basis can only mean that the colonies must also throw open their ports to the foreigner. This is no commercial union at all. And the Chancellor of the Imperial Exchequer can think of no more brilliant expedient for cementing the Empire!

Mr. Chamberlain's speech may be described as a return to his earlier manner as Colonial Secretary. Once again Imperial Federation has become a dream which he hopes may get itself realised somehow some day. He is in no sort of hurry. A new chapter in our history, he says, has been commenced which should be entitled "The Unity of the Empire"—as though the events of the past twenty-five years were not themselves the most eloquent proof of unity. What should be commenced now is the chapter on the consummation of unity, but that, Mr. Chamberlain seems to say, can only be written in the time of our children. Apparently all he now hopes to do—and it is no mean aspiration—is to hand on the Empire to posterity unimpaired. Stripped of its rhetoric that is really all that Mr. Chamberlain's speech amounts to. Imperial Federation is not, we admit, a matter to be rushed, but no statesman has yet taken it up who does not discover that the accomplished progress, to which they all bear witness, carries them as far as they are prepared immediately to go. Mr. Chamberlain has done much to create the psychological moment, but seems as incapable as Lord Rosebery himself of turning it to account. Everything is in the dim and distant future.

The Colonial Secretary's generalities aroused the sober citizens present to the wildest enthusiasm. There can be no doubt that his oratory about the Empire—"think of it, gentlemen, an Empire such as the world has never seen! Think of its area" &c.—is very much to the taste of the average Englishman, however it may offend the fastidious and critical. But we can easily understand why Great Britain is so hated by the rest of the world; to whom this catalogue of our successes and virtues cannot but be displeasing. Matthew Arnold was always deploring our habit of boasting and self-glorification, which he used to say prevented us from knowing where our weakness lies. But neither Mr. Chamberlain nor the majority of his countrymen are like the graceful apostle of culture who was always crying in the wilderness, and perhaps it is well they are not. They like their speeches like their wine after dinner to be full-bodied, and Mr. Chamberlain knows their vintage to a nicety.

Turning to home politics, the London Borough Councils election is attracting very little attention; but as it is attracting considerably more attention than did the vestry elections, one of the objects of the Act is at any rate secured for the nonce. The novelty of serving on the first council of a London local borough, very mild novelty though it be, does seem to be attracting a good many candidates of a type that would not have troubled to serve on a vestry. Still, as was inevitable, the majority of the borough councillors will be "resurrected" vestrymen. Amongst these gentlemen there is real excitement as to the election, for it may, it must, mean to many of them the final extinction of their civic aspirations with a painful loss of local importance. To men of the vestry type, for it is essentially a type, the vestry is the only avenue for ambition, so that such of them as do not survive into the new council will in a public capacity without doubt perish everlastingly. To them it is indeed a struggle for existence; let us hope it will also be the survival of the fittest. No one expects very great things from the borough councils, but at least

they will start with this much in their favour, that if they mean much the same men, there will at any rate be fewer of them, and it is hardly utopian to hope that five incompetents will make fewer blunders than ten.

Lord Rosebery, speaking last night on the "Duty of London," under the auspices of the Christian Social Union, was in the position which he has always filled with most felicity. Curiously enough, this Liberal Imperialist, whom all recognise as the only second to Lord Salisbury in the mastery of foreign politics, has consistently shown to the best advantage in the rôle of municipal reformer. It was Lord Rosebery and he alone that saved the London County Council's infancy from the world's contempt, while he at the same time acquired for himself a hold over the regular inhabitants of London that nothing but the most glaring failure in political courage could have lost him. Doubtless Lord Rosebery thinks that London has recently failed signally to do its duty, but that does not prevent him from taking a fair and reasonable view of the duty of London in a humbler but hardly less practically important sphere. Lord Rosebery, unlike most of our statesmen, has always been able to appreciate in public the possibilities of municipal life, and his literary and oratorical gift enables him to clothe these possibilities with attractiveness. And the very absurdities of the municipal enthusiast assist Lord Rosebery's speeches, for they give him the opportunity indirectly to make fun at his friends' expense, a process always pleasant to everyone except the friends, and they usually do not recognise themselves but only their brothers in the caricature.

At its Annual Conference the Miners' Federation representing a body of 450,000 miners very naturally reviewed the position of labour representation in Parliament as affected by the recent General Election. Mr. Pickard the chairman sensibly refrained from blaming anybody for the result which has left labour representatives in a reduced condition except the working classes themselves, who have shown that they are only moderately well affected to representation by their confrères. The curious thing is that Mr. Pickard as if to rob his own reproaches of their sting had invited Mr. Joseph Walton, M.P., to address the conference, and the first question Mr. Walton asked and proceeded to answer satisfactorily was, how could a coalowner properly represent miners? Formerly the men used to protest that it was impossible, but now they recognised that, in regard to the Miners' Eight-hours Bill, it was not altogether a disadvantage that they should have in the House of Commons a Durham coalowner prepared to advocate the passing of the Bill, in opposition to the miners' representatives who were opposed to it. He would be a bold working-man representative who would put forward a more advanced labour programme than Mr. Walton is prepared to support. The miners find it to their advantage that their choice should not be restricted as they at one time thought it was.

Amongst other things of more or less importance for which the General Election was responsible is the postponement of the annual provincial meeting of the Incorporated Law Society which was held this year at Weymouth. In consequence the solicitors had to be holding their meeting on the opening day of the Michaelmas sittings instead of during the Long Vacation. Perhaps this may account for the more than usually numerous crowd that assembled to see the Courts opened. The popularity of the function at the Law Courts is a more patent fact than the prosperity of the Bar, if the lists and other indications are to be relied on as evidences of the decline of litigation. We may wonder indeed if what Mr. Morley calls "that powerful profession which exercises an influence which few people suspect," is as powerful as it used to be. Can it be sympathy with declining fortunes that causes so many spectators to gather? It is more likely the attraction of what is by far the most interesting of professions, and the display of a brilliance and quaintness of costume which it would be hard to match elsewhere. Then there was the unusual event of the first appearance in public of the new Lord Chief Justice and the Master of

the Rolls. It may have been thought too that the new Lord Justice might be disclosed but that secret was kept until Friday when it was announced that Mr. Justice Stirling had been appointed and Mr. Ingle Joyce made the new Judge of the Chancery Division.

There was a little too much of the "honour and dignity of a great profession" etc. in the address of the President of the Incorporated Law Society, discussing the proposals for stricter control over solicitors. The approval of the strengthening of the law of larceny to meet the case of solicitors entrusted with money, who now escape, would have appeared more whole-hearted but for the disinclination to make the Statutory Committee prosecutors. It ought to be, for the Public Prosecutor is an official hard to move. One suggestion seems practical; that where a solicitor withholds information as to a client's securities and money, there should be a power of suspending him from practice until he complies. The desire that every solicitor should feel the honour of the whole profession is in his keeping is very laudable, but after all legal provisions act more directly. If, for example, a plan could be devised for securing what one of the speakers is right in thinking most important—the refusal of articles to any man whose position, education, and general character made it doubtful whether he would be a suitable member of his profession—that would be more hopeful than leaving it to the individual conscience and interest. So, too, the speculative solicitor would have less chance of the costs his heart is set on, if the Procedure were contained in something less than two thousand pages. The argument for preventing solicitors' dishonesty by extending the field of preferment for solicitors seems a finely spun fallacy, and raises other points not connected with the matter in question.

Admirable speeches and papers were submitted to the Annual Conference of the National Union of Women Workers at Brighton. The war from a woman's point of view, as an educator of public spirit in women, was put by Mrs. A. D. Lytton, the President, as a woman can best put it. There had been, she said, a great quickening of interest which had stimulated the imagination and filled the minds of many who, perhaps, before had realised little outside their own immediate circle with its petty round of joys, and sorrows, and excitements. Women like Mrs. Lytton know how effective against pleas for the extension of women's part in larger life the argument has been, that this petty round contented women themselves. Mrs. Bryant administered a little shock to the complacency of those of the "upper and middle classes" who cling to the governess as a mark of gentility. Private teaching in the homes of these classes, she says, is much of it bad, and is a cloak to neglect and idleness. Some girls of the middle classes are properly never educated at all, but the education of girls of the masses was not neglected as compared with boys. This is a sad disarrangement of the conventional method of speaking of the educated and the uneducated classes: and yet the truth of what Mrs. Bryant says is only too evident.

Mrs. Creighton raised a point about marriage which is worth noting. It is curious that the wife of the Bishop of London, who has had wide opportunities of observation, should exalt entrance into the marriage state as unselfish and celibacy as selfishness. In most cases marriage is as selfish an act as men and women ever commit; and triumphs of unselfishness must be found among the celibate. Strange unselfishness those marriages of the poor clergy and the working classes! Those women really should not be discouraged by such conventional maxims, who look askance at marriage because it interferes with their freedom. They take away the ancient reproach of too great eagerness for matrimony from their sex, and we like to feel that the grievance of the million or so women in our own country in excess of men is not so heavy as it might seem; that nature is justified of her methods in creating this surplus. Mrs. Creighton's opinion that single life is not good for man or woman seems to be

what some people would call flying in the face of Providence. It may be that true liberty as opposed to selfish liberty is only to be found in marriage, but there are so many doomed to this particular kind of slavery that it is cruel of Mrs. Creighton to anathematise them. These facts should really be considered by apostles of matrimony.

Even they who the least sympathised with Professor Shuttleworth's special "line" as a Churchman will admit that in him the Church of England has lost a remarkable figure, a brilliant intellectual, an undoubted personality. It may be that he did and said many things that created a not wholly unjustifiable prejudice against him, that he left on many people the not pleasant impression of a secular clergyman; yet his energy was too great, his versatility too useful for anyone who has thought on such things to doubt that he gave his Church good service. His success as a City rector was admirable, and he showed conclusively by his own performances that a City church can be made to serve better purposes than "old materials." The Church in England cannot now spare a single man of mark, and that feeling must necessarily enter into the sympathy stirred by this painful and pathetic death.

We have so often had to call attention to disastrous results which have followed on the London County Council coming into contact, perhaps one should say into collision, with art, that it is pleasing to be able to record an instance in the opposite direction. The Council has stepped in to prevent the disfigurement of S. Martin-in-the-Fields Church by the removal of some of the steps, with a view to widening S. Martin's Place. Mr. Shaw Lefevre happily succeeded in getting the Council to follow him in rejecting the Improvements Committee's recommendation that a sum should be contributed towards the Vestry's Philistine scheme, and passed a resolution requesting the Vestry to proceed no further while the Council was examining into the architectural aspect of the matter. This is quite worthy of the Council's past good work in saving S. Mary-le-Strand from destruction. The public must make it clear that it will not have these vestrymen impairing one of the all too few architectural attractions of London. It is a strange and somewhat sinister thing that whenever there is a proposal to disfigure a fine building in London, the building is nearly always a church, and amongst the disfigurers there is always an ecclesiastic. In this case the S. Martin's clergy appear to have offered the Vestry facilities for the perpetration of their evil plan.

On the Stock Exchange markets have been remarkably steady, considering the tedious and exasperating protraction of hostilities—war it can no longer be called—in South Africa, the uncertainty in China, and the Presidential election in America. A slight fillip was given to South African mining shares by the news that Lord Roberts was really coming home on a certain day, but it was soon spent, and on the week there is practically no change in the prices. Indeed the business in Kaffirs is practically artificial, and it is more difficult to buy than to sell shares. On Tuesday there was some profit-taking in American rails, which caused a halt in the boom, but prices soon resumed their upward tendency. On the week Atcheson Ordinary have risen 3, Atcheson Preferred 2, Louisville 1½, Northern Pacific Common 4, and Southern Pacifics 3 dollars. Hitherto London and Berlin have been sellers to New York, and should the real boom begin after the re-election of Mr. McKinley the market here would be decidedly short of stock. Contrary to expectation the Baker Street and Waterloo Railway prospectus has not appeared this week, and consequently the leading Whittaker Wright shares still hang fire, though Le Roi 2 have risen to over 23. Home rails have been uniformly dull, with the exception of Districts which have risen from 24½ to 26½, fear of dearer coal and labour disposing operators in this market to be bears rather than bulls, notwithstanding the satisfactory traffics. So many people believe that money must be dearer before the end of the week that buyers of Consols are few, and the price has fallen from 99½ to 98½.

SOBRIETY IN REJOICING.

TO-DAY in spirit, if not in the body, we are all with the returning Volunteers. Right welcome home they are. Let us give them a true British reception. A British reception; the words give one pause; they can hardly be spoken without something of misgiving, misgiving born of certain ebullitions of feeling which we all remember and, remembering, feel a little ashamed of ourselves whether we acknowledge it or not.

At least on two occasions during the last year this country has seriously jeopardised its ancient reputation for dignified self-possession. This reputation had been ours till within very recent days, and to it we owe a prestige abroad of much the same nature that gave strength to Rome and made weak the knees of her foes in the day of battle. No man who casts his eyes across the course of history will deny that such prestige is an invaluable asset to a nation's credit. In the calculations of foreign statesmen it stands as the guarantee to us of an immense reserve of solid strength, not visible on the surface, and as such it has often served us well. We should hesitate long before we sacrifice this respect, which is our legitimate reward for centuries of self-restraint. It may be easily lost in the ecstatic follies of a few nights such as we witnessed last spring. The intelligent foreigner naturally asks if our dignity in adverse circumstances was not merely affectation after all, and not the Roman virtue with which we were credited at the time. It is indeed already being said that if we took our Colensos like Romans, we celebrated our Mafekings like a horde of frenzied Corybants. It is for this reason that we must enter a caveat against excessive and unnecessary exhibitions of enthusiasm, on occasions when sober and decent evidences of joy are meet and right.

This is a matter in which one concrete instance may be worth pages of generalising. We may advance two within our own knowledge to enforce this point, and to show that it is no mere figment of a dyspeptic imagination. An Englishman, holding an official post in one of the principal towns in Italy, was continually congratulated by his Italian friends in the dark days of last December on the spirit of his fellow-countrymen. "Such a nation" they said "cannot but be great which takes defeat in so heroic a style." But the same man six months later was anxiously asked by the same people if he thought that their estimate of the English was after all grossly at fault, and our apparent fortitude merely obtuseness, the result of incapacity to grasp the gravity of the crisis. Our second instance is perhaps even more to the point. A contributor to this Review was dining in the company of one of the most distinguished, perhaps the most distinguished, of French statesmen after the third failure to relieve Ladysmith. "You English" said the Frenchman "are all right. No nation can fail to succeed which allows the same Government to outlast three successive defeats. Here every fresh defeat would have meant a fresh ministry." A repetition of the orgies which followed the relief of Ladysmith and Mafeking would do much to imperil this reputation for self-respect which we have enjoyed in the past, even from our meanest rivals, and this reason alone would be enough to make us hope that the receptions given to the returning troops, of which to-day's is the first, may be characterised by good sense and self-restraint.

There are other reasons, no less potent, which make us earnestly desire that the same qualities may be displayed by those in high places. And here we do not speak for ourselves alone but for all the best elements in the army itself. It might perhaps seem to some in official positions that a generous, and somewhat indiscriminate, shower of honours would best meet the public sentiment of the moment. No course of conduct would be likely to prove more indefensible in the end. The British habit of condoning past blunders for the sake of ultimate, if dearly-bought, success is a generous quality in our nature as a people, and may serve well enough in the playing field, but in an army, which should be conducted on business lines, its display has not proved the best policy. In any case it is a policy

of modern days. It is difficult to believe to-day that the Peninsular veterans, who had waged one of the most arduous wars in history, and a war whose results were of untold magnitude, received no medals for some years after its conclusion, and then they were by no means distributed to all alike. Such reticence in the bestowal of honours may have verged on churlishness, but it is more in accordance with the spirit that has made England great than the more lavish rain of distinctions which has descended upon our soldiers in recent years. This season of plenty may be dated from the Ashanti expedition of 1873, and that warrior may be counted unlucky indeed who cannot display some signs of its bounty. We will readily admit that the present campaign is one which deserves recognition in far higher measure than many of those which have left no remembrance behind them, save an extra medal on some fortunate breasts. It would indeed be strange to withhold recognition in this case, when we remember the nature of some in which it has been too generously bestowed. We only plead for reason and moderation in the distinctions conferred.

We have no wish to ask too much of brave men and men honourably ambitious. The ideal to be aimed at is the performance of duty simply for duty's sake, and not in the hope of honour or reward. Such a feeling is by no means dead, as an hour's experience at the front might testify, but the prospect of distinctions has not infrequently the effect of making men forsake the simple doing of duty in company, for the performance of some single act of individual prowess. Such cases are well within the knowledge of most observers of actual warfare, though to give instances would be too invidious. All men know that the moral courage required for the feat of individual heroism is often far below that demanded to refrain from it, but the former and not the latter is rewarded. The unfortunate result is that the multiplication of such honours leads to "medal-hunting," which may prove as hurtful to the best traditions of soldiering as the pursuit of "pots" is to those of sport. In short, the comparatively easy acquisition of distinctions by individuals sometimes makes them play for their own hand, instead of working for the benefit of the whole force, and this is why even the Victoria Cross has been held by experienced soldiers to have a less beneficial effect on the spirit of soldiering than was hoped at its foundation. Human nature being what it is, any but the most chary distribution of such decorations must lead in some cases to the development of "pushfulness" in the officer. Nor does the most deserving corps benefit the most on these occasions. Where discipline is perfect, and men and officers alike are animated by the same admirable spirit, the chance for the latter to distinguish themselves individually is far less than in a regiment where the esprit de corps is deficient, and the officer may therefore make himself more conspicuous on the battlefield. These are some of the reasons why the best opinion in the army is at one with us in deprecating a too lavish distribution of honours, while all thinking people in these islands alike will unite in hoping that the nation has shaken off for ever the fever fit of debased Kiplingism by which it seemed to be for a moment possessed, and returned to the more sober traditions of past triumphs.

THE ANGLO-GERMAN AGREEMENT.

FROM the mass of opinion, as expressed by the journals of almost every country and every political party, on the agreement between Lord Salisbury and Count Hatzfeldt, two opposite conclusions emerge. The one view is that British diplomacy has achieved a triumph; the other that it has sustained a defeat. There are those who maintain that Lord Salisbury has virtually, if not formally and textually, effected what Mr. Chamberlain more than hinted at after the German Emperor's visit to Windsor, namely, an alliance between Great Britain and Germany; that Russia and France are checkmated in their designs upon the northern and southern parts of the Chinese Empire: that a speedy and peaceful solution of "the Crisis in China" is thus provided, and that consequently British prestige has

never been placed on a higher pinnacle. There are others who as stoutly argue that Count Hatzfeldt has completely "diddled" Lord Salisbury; that Germany keeps the very substantial and exclusive advantages which she has got: that Russia in the north and France in the south of China are nowise affected by the agreement, even if they subscribe to it, as they doubtless will do joyfully; and that the only country bound is Great Britain, who debars herself, without consideration, from ever converting her shadowy but very valuable claims over Central China into actualities. These opposite interpretations of the note are not coincident with the ordinary distinctions of party, for there are journals in this country, whose Conservatism is above suspicion, who loudly proclaim that Lord Salisbury has abandoned everything and secured nothing. It is clear that both these conclusions cannot be right, though both may be wrong. The difference has been caused by the occasional ambiguity of the text, by the neglect of most persons to read it attentively, and by the perversity which assigns to words used in a diplomatic document any meaning rather than the usual and obvious one. Let us recur to the agreement, which is bad enough English, we admit, but which does not seem to us really obscure. It sets forth that "Her Britannic Majesty's Government and the Imperial German Government, being desirous to maintain their interests in China and their rights under existing treaties, have agreed to observe the following principles in China: (1) It is a matter of joint and permanent international interest that the ports on the rivers and littoral of China should remain free and open to trade, and to every other legitimate form of economic activity for the Nationals of all countries without distinction; and the two Governments agree on their part to uphold the same for all Chinese territory as far as they can exercise influence." This is the first article, and what does it contain? It contains a declaration of opinion and an agreement to uphold that opinion as far as can be done by exercising influence. We shall gain a still clearer view of the purport of this first article if we consider it under three heads. There is the declaration of policy: there is the area to which it is to be applied: and there are the means by which it is to be upheld. Great Britain and Germany record their opinion that the policy of the open door for the nationals of all countries without distinction is a matter of joint and permanent international interest. This is merely declaratory, and we have heard it before, from all the Powers. To what area does it apply? We do not take the words, "all Chinese territory as far as they can exercise influence," to mean any British or German spheres of influence in Central China. We take the words "China" and "all Chinese territory" to mean the Chinese Empire as it appears in the modern maps, and the words "as far as they can exercise influence" to indicate not the area of the open door but the means by which it is to be opened. The places which should remain free and open to the trade of all countries without distinction are simply and unmistakably described as "the ports on the rivers and the littoral of China." There is not a word about the hinterland or the interior; there is no allusion to monopolies or exclusive concessions of minerals or railways: nor is there any warrant for inferring that the ports in any particular part of China are meant. The ports on the rivers and littoral of China should be free and open to the trade of all—such is the plain language of the agreement. It is a declaration of policy by two very great Powers, who say that they will uphold it "for all Chinese territory as far as they can exercise influence." In other words, Great Britain and Germany have put it down in black and white that they will use all their influence (no more and no less than that) to get the ports of China, whether they are under Chinese or Russian or French control, thrown open to the trade of all nations. This is our interpretation of Article 1, which we arrive at by taking the words used in their ordinary sense. It does not amount to so much as some have claimed for it, but it certainly binds Germany to make Kiao-Chau a free port, which is something.

The second article is the familiar protocol de désintéressement. Great Britain and Germany will not

"make use of the present complication to obtain for themselves any territorial advantages in Chinese dominions." Discussion has revolved round the phrase "territorial advantages," which has been assumed by some to cover such things as mining and railway concessions. We do not read it so. A territorial advantage is we take it an acquisition of territory, whether by downright annexation or by placing the territory in question under the protection of the acquiring Power. We do not see how a concession to build a railway or to dig for minerals on certain terms can be called a territorial advantage, for the benefit is contractual, not territorial. If this view be correct, Article 2 does not debar Great Britain from obtaining in Central China concessions or commercial treaties similar to those which Germany has already obtained in Shantung. This narrow interpretation of the phrase seems supported by the following words, which record that the two Powers "will direct their policy to maintaining undiminished the territorial condition of the Chinese Empire." Article 3 is a bare anti-climax, for it begins bravely enough, "in case of another Power" doing what Great Britain and Germany have declared that they will not do, namely, "making use of the present complications in China in order to obtain under any form such territorial advantages," and it ends lamely and impotently, "the two contracting parties reserve to themselves to come to a preliminary understanding as to the eventual steps to be taken for the protection of their own interests in China." This certainly commits neither Great Britain nor Germany to do anything, except to come (or not to come) to a preliminary understanding as to what they will do, each for the protection of her own interests, a right inherent in all sovereign States without reservation in any agreement. To sum up the effect of the Note, it is a declaration by Great Britain and Germany of their Chinese policy, which consists of two propositions, that the present map of China shall remain unaltered, and that all the ports in this map shall be free and open to the trade of all nations. How this policy is to be got accepted and carried out the Anglo-German Agreement does not specify. Great Britain and Germany are two very great Powers, the one probably the greatest naval, the other perhaps the greatest military Power in the world. When England and Germany explain to the world what their aims in China are, and place it on record "that they will direct their policy" towards securing those aims, the world knows very well that the written words are more than mere ink, that they mean something of importance to the immediate future in China. But more than this cannot be extracted from the agreement, and it is feeble and undignified to attempt it. We heartily wish that the agreement did mean more, and that we could read into it something like an intention on the part of the German Government to conclude an alliance in the Far East with Great Britain. But we are under no illusions about Germany. The German Emperor is our friend, and happily he is, to a certain extent, his own Foreign Minister. The Kaiser is not an ordinary statesman: he takes long views and he is remarkably free from common prejudices. But the Kaiser is not the German nation, nor even the German Ministry. The German Ministers are very ordinary persons, and they dislike England almost as much as the bulk of the German people do. As Lord Salisbury sagely observed some months ago, whatever may be the feelings of the head of a State or of its Government towards England at a given moment, they are bound in the long run to coincide with the feelings of the nation. This is not a very pleasant prospect for us, as there is no doubt that the feelings of all the peoples towards England is at this moment the reverse of friendly. The German masses apparently hate us as cordially as do the French masses and the Russian "classes." Mr. Chamberlain says that he does not care about this unpopularity abroad; but we do care, and we hope and believe that it will pass away. In the meantime it is well that the German and British Governments have been able so far to agree upon a policy in China as to give a strong lead to the other Great Powers.

MISTAKEN MAGNANIMITY.

IT is now two months since we drew attention to the eminently unsatisfactory results in South Africa of the policy of leniency. On that occasion we urged the immediate annexation of the Transvaal, and suggested that a date should be fixed by Lord Roberts, and after that date marauders considered as rebels and disposed of as such, due warning, of course, being given to the inhabitants. Quite consistently with the policy of leniency, while the annexation was in due course proclaimed, nothing in the nature of the second part of the policy advocated was attempted, with the result that the act of annexation has had the minimum effect in restoring order and peace. It must now surely be apparent even to those who are most loth to employ drastic measures, that under the present gentle régime there can be no hope of a settlement, of an end to the confusion of war, for an indefinitely long time. If only for business reasons, a period must be put to the present condition of anarchy; anarchy is the only word that describes the present situation; it is not a state of war. On grounds of sentiment and of humanity, the case is even stronger. The net result of the present state of things is a steady drain of valuable life and an appalling burden of misery and suffering on the inhabitants of the country.

Do we realise how terrible is the tax in gallant English lives we are paying and paying daily, thanks to the mistaken magnanimity of those in authority? Unfortunately a year of war has blunted our feelings and the "Casualty Returns" in the daily papers no longer stir us as they did at first, unless indeed we read in the lists the name of some friend who has been killed, or of some relation cruelly injured. Still these returns go on and the death roll is ever mounting up. Take a simple example, in four consecutive days last week no less than three officers and thirty-six of our soldiers were killed in action or died of wounds, while ten officers and sixty-nine men were reported to have died of disease, eight more officers with seventy-one men were wounded, and thirty-one men were taken prisoners or were reported as missing. This total of 220 men lost to the country should surely awake the public to the absurdity of reporting South Africa as pacified. When we are losing an average of over fifty men a day by bullet and disease, it is idle to pretend that the Boer resistance has been crushed. It is small consolation to mourning relatives and friends to be told that the Boer armies have ceased to exist, and that there are now "merely marauding bands" in the field. We have cited just four days' returns. Consider what our losses must have been in the forty to fifty days which have elapsed since the Transvaal was formally annexed! It is not too much to say that the majority of the lives lost, at any rate during the last six weeks, are due not to the chance of war, but to the mischance which has induced us to continue the futile experiment of endeavouring to make a truculent people understand magnanimity.

The recent affair at Jagersfontein, as reported by General Kelly-Kenny, well exemplifies the ridiculous impasse in which we have landed ourselves. Here we have a town occupied by British troops, living at peace amongst the so-called "neutral" inhabitants. A strong force of Boers "attack" the town, and during the stress of the combat the "neutral" inhabitants attack our soldiers in rear and release the prisoners in gaol. From every part of the two colonies come tales of Boer aggression, railways blown up, telegraphs cut, and "bands of marauders" from 50 to 1,500 strong, some armed with cannon. These mere remnants, as we are told to consider them, swoop down upon any isolated post which their spies have reported to be insufficiently garrisoned.

Lord Roberts has proved to the whole civilised world his earnest desire always to act within the strict limits laid down by the laws of civilised warfare. The Boers have over and again proved to the world that they either cannot or will not understand that Lord Roberts' mild measures have been actuated by anything other than weakness and incapacity. Can there be any doubt that the time has come, when the British Commander-in-Chief should proclaim that inasmuch as there is

no longer any Boer Government with which to make terms or organised army within the limits of the two late States to meet in the field, the war is now terminated. Then, as a natural corollary, it would be declared that any burghers or others taken with arms in their possession would be *liable* to the death penalty, and in any case would have their farms and other possessions confiscated and themselves be banished from South Africa. It may be urged that a large number of those now in arms against us are European or American adventurers with no stake in the country, to whom the threat of confiscation and banishment would have no terrors. So be it: but if they cannot pay the penalty with land they can with life. And it is just that men who have taken up arms against us without cause, and not in the service of their country, should meet with shorter shrift than Boer marauders who at any rate took the field as legitimate soldiers of a country at war.

Does anyone suggest that there is any element of real mercy in a leniency that allows immunity to individuals to be paid for by the lives of many times their number both Britons and Boers? Is it justice tempered with mercy to treat gently the authors of a raid when taken, and burn the farms of the neighbouring occupiers who had nothing to do with the raid for which they and not the raiders suffer? What must be the moral effect on these men who suffer for what they have not done and see the real offenders let off lightly? We commend to Lord Roberts the example of a greater soldier than himself, also famous for his excessive leniency. Caesar was unswerving in his clemency to regular foes, but to those who deceived him or wilfully prolonged warfare he gave no kind of quarter.

THE OUTLOOK IN GERMANY.

FOR the moment it is foreign policy that engrosses German attention. How will the country receive the Government's proposals? Will the Reichstag follow the Emperor or thwart him? These are the questions of the hour. On the one side stand two strong personalities, those of Emperor and Chancellor, and personalities count for much where a divided Reichstag is concerned. The Imperial influence weighs heavy in the scale. The traditions of Prussian Absolutism die hard even though weakened by the spirit of Social Democracy, and, given a really able ruler, there is no constitution in the world, the Russian not excepted, that affords greater scope for a strong and wise government than the German. Moreover considering its comparative inexperience of Eastern problems, it must be admitted that the administration of the German Foreign Office commands national confidence. Meanwhile a strong feeling is growing, especially in the north, in favour of a Greater Germany. Hamburg, Bremen and the great commercial centres contain many influential advocates of a vigorous Colonial and Imperial policy. The so-called Colonial party especially is making a desperate effort to counteract the somewhat discouraging reports of German colonising efforts in Africa and elsewhere. The "Colonial-Gesellschaft" addresses appeals to patriotism and commercial interest with strenuous impartiality. Duke Johann Albrecht of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, half-brother to the betrothed of the Queen of Holland, and other personages are actively interested in the crusade. Indeed in meeting Parliament the Chancellor has much in his favour. He has the advantage of defending a foreign policy initiated by himself—of which he will retain the real conduct. It was by his advice that Germany was the first to enunciate in definite terms what all the other Powers interested in China only felt. The somewhat incomprehensible glory attaching to the Anglo-German Agreement, which was due in some measure no doubt to von Bülow's well-known English sympathies, will be hanging over the Government. Public opinion even then may not have awakened to the fact that the respective Governments mean no more than they say.

On the other side of the scale a considerable body of public opinion is wholly unprepared to accept a costly, and perhaps adventurous, foreign policy with its attend-

ant burdens. Whether convinced or not of the wisdom of this "Welt-Politik," Germany is far from being reconciled to the necessity of paying for it. The prospects of world-power are ceasing to fascinate by their novelty. The colonies are still swallowing their annual grants from the Imperial Exchequer, yet they remain thin enough. There is no suspicion of a credit-balance from any one of them. Radicals and Social Democrats have always been bitterly opposed to the Government's proposals for an increase in army or navy. Liberalism has made enormous strides within the last five years, though indications are not wanting of a revulsion of feeling in the near future. In Germany the elements of political opposition seem to lose life whenever the House is not sitting, but focus instantly when it meets. The demands of the Government for fresh credits will afford the required opportunity. The Emperor, perhaps, because he has so often taken the burden of legislation upon his own shoulders, has suffered severe rebuffs in the past at the hands of almost every party. The success of the Ultra-Tory Agrarians in blocking so statesmanlike a measure as the Canal Bill in the Prussian Diet was one of the most unexpected. Intrinsically indeed this "coup" is without importance, and was due to a sudden outburst of shortsighted spleen directed against a scheme the ultimate acceptance of which was from the first assured. The storm in the Reichstag over the notorious Penal Servitude Bill was more significant. The Emperor's "Short way with Trade Unionists" was received on all hands with indignant protest, and was hurriedly smuggled into decent obscurity. The Lex Heintze which, on the Imperial initiative would have set up a species of Inquisition in the interest of good morals, met with a somewhat similar fate. Numerous attempts have been made to unite the various units of which the party of Social Democracy—for the moment the strongest party in the Empire though not in the Reichstag—is composed, but all have failed. The party associated with the names of Bebel and Liebknecht are more Democrats than Socialists. They profess to despise the economic side of socialism, which they regard as half-hearted paltering no less dangerous than autocracy itself. It is the party of no compromise and no surrender. The younger Socialists who follow Vollmar and Auer emphasise rather what may be called the diplomatic aspect of socialism. They demand social reform brought about by sympathetic economic legislation rather than revolution. With the irreconcilables all negotiation is of course impossible. But though any question of alliance between the younger group and the Government may be premature, it is by no means improbable that their support will be sought and obtained if necessary at the price of promises of legislation. Can we see here some dim foreshadowing of an Imperial socialism, *pace* Mr. Belfort Bax? One great question there is, indeed, intimately affecting the social and economic condition of the country which the legislature has hitherto hesitated to touch. The Slav question is seldom discussed or even referred to. We sometimes read of a Russian question. We know something of the late Chancellor's strong Russian sympathies. Eastern Germany lives with one eye on the Russian armies across the frontier. But this fear is of the shadow while the substance is overlooked. It is the constant pressure of the peaceful Slav peasant and labourer that really menaces German influence in her Eastern provinces. Never absorbed, he is always absorbing. The first year he comes for the harvest months; the second he brings his family and settles permanently on the land. He moves steadily westward. Landowners within easy reach of Berlin have been forced to employ Russian labour in their own fields. The Government is reticent as to the danger but fully conscious of the fact.

So far, broadly speaking, the Emperor, in spite of some serious checks, has carried his people with him. Should the Reichstag, however, prove unexpectedly obdurate, he will have no alternative but to appeal to the country. The constituencies have often given what their elected representatives refused. And the German people has always evinced something like distrust for its representative Assembly. It is "popular" only in

the strictly political sense of the term. And if it is distrusted by the electorate still more does it distrust itself. The Emperor alone admits neither doubt nor defeat.

INDIAN LAND QUESTIONS.

THE courage and promptness which have characterised Lord Curzon's administration have nowhere been more conspicuous than in his treatment of the measure which has now become law under the title of the Panjab Alienation of Land Act. The final discussion in the Legislative Council took place a week ago and has been reproduced at some length in the "Times." No more important piece of legislation has been placed on the statute book since the Crown assumed the government of India. It is the first practical step taken to meet an old and recognised danger. For a whole generation the matter has been under inquiry and discussion. Each successive Viceroy has shirked a decision while the evil has been growing with accumulated force.

Though its treatment involves many technicalities, yet the broad lines of the question are clear and simple enough. In dealing with the complex land revenue systems of India it would be almost impossible to state any single proposition which would not be open to numerous modifications or exceptions. But for present purposes it may be enough to say that transferable right in land—proprietaryship as understood in England—is a creation of the British Government. Land in India has always been the property of the State. The landholder was or is a middleman collecting from the cultivator such share of the produce as custom or contract permitted in the shape of rent and paying it to the Government as its revenue, with a deduction for his own labour risk or expense. Where he was himself the cultivator he gained a larger profit, but the principle remained untouched. He possessed no right which he could alienate or bequeath. Over large areas he was often only the representative of his tribe—in smaller areas the headman—*primus inter pares*, of a village community.

While their knowledge of the indigenous systems and tenures was still very imperfect, the early British rulers took the hasty step of declaring the existing revenue-farmers or revenue-payers to be not merely agents for Government or representatives of their fellows but the actual owners of the land, possessed of a heritable and transferable right in it. An examination of the influences and misconceptions which inspired this departure is not here possible. One idea, which has now inspired the present reactionary measure, certainly was to attach the landed classes to our rule by conferring on them a valuable property which might terminate with the authority that created it. The collection of the land revenue also was secured and facilitated by a proprietary right which could be sold in satisfaction of arrears. The statesmen responsible for these measures ignored the tribal tenures under which a great part of the land was held and also the usage of village communities which both alike forbade the introduction of an outsider without the assent of the whole body.

The rights so created grew in value year by year as the population increased and cultivation extended. Landowners found in these new rights an easy resource for raising money to meet their wants or luxuries and the banker found in them a complete security for his advances. Habits of extravagance were encouraged by the new credit and indebtedness grew apace. The land soon began to pass from the hands of the old hereditary land-owning classes into the possession of moneylenders and lawyers. It is unnecessary to describe the abuses and frauds which supplemented the prodigality of one class and the rapacity of the other. Apart from the means, the end itself, however reached, has produced grave evil and not a little danger. The mischief has in recent years grown to alarming proportions. The continued expropriation of the classes who owned the land and ruled the country threatens serious political consequences. It is not merely the large proprietors, the natural leaders of the people, who find

their estates passing away from them. In various ways the Government has been able to give the deserving among them some assistance and protection. The process has been even more rapid among the small proprietors, the yeoman farmers of the fighting races, who fill the ranks of the native army and the police and furnish the best class of cultivators, who are in fact the backbone of the country. Discontent among all these classes is not to be lightly faced especially when it arises from the operation of our own laws.

There might be something to be said for the transfer of land to the capitalist class, if they were improving landlords who would devote their resources to the development of their estates. Unfortunately they are nothing of the sort. They value the social position and influence of a territorial magnate but otherwise they are the worst class of absentee proprietors who know and care nothing beyond the exaction through their agents of the highest procurable rents. It is possible no doubt to exaggerate their defects but it is not possible to deny that they are an unimproving class and a source of weakness to the administration.

Had the evil been foreseen in the early days it would have been easy to avert it. The right of transfer inter vivos and compulsory sales could have been prohibited or restricted. Such an expedient has since been successfully adopted on the creation of new proprietary titles in crown lands. But so sweeping a remedy at this stage involved too great perils for any Government to face. After prolonged inquiry and endless discussion an alternative principle has been found. The evil after all lies not so much in the alienation of land as in its transfer to a very undesirable class of proprietors. The question is not one of economic reform but political expediency. It has accordingly been found possible to maintain the right of alienation and at the same time to impose restrictions on the right of acquisition. The present measure has been shaped in accordance with this simple conception. Henceforth wherever it is in operation, a land-holder may transfer his property by sale or mortgage but if he is one of the agricultural or land-holding tribes he must find a purchaser among his own community or fellow-tribesmen. Provision has been made to secure for him a sufficiently extended market. In this way the transferability of the land is maintained, with some restriction, while the possession of it is secured to the land-owning classes and tribes. The mischievous process of their expropriation is at length arrested. Not the least satisfactory feature is the abolition of compulsory sale of hereditary land in satisfaction of decrees for money. The processes of British courts will no longer be employed to eject the most loyal and valuable of the Queen's subjects from ancestral acres in order to replace them by strangers, unfitted by their traditions habits and character to control the communities thus given over into their hands. A profound source of popular discontent will be removed by this statutory reform if its objects are accomplished.

It is not possible here to discuss the details of the Act or the provisions introduced to prevent the many cunning devices to neutralise the law, in which the Indian practitioner is a past master. Many important modifications have been introduced during the year that the Bill has been on the anvil. It might have been better if its whole structure and nomenclature had been so recast as to give prominence to the principle that the measure is framed primarily not to disable proprietors from alienation but to regulate its direction so as to preserve the land to the classes with whom it ought to remain. The measure has naturally excited much opposition from the moneylenders and lawyers whose interests it assails. These too are the classes best able to make themselves heard and their organisation has been directed to excite also the land-owning tribes whose interests it seeks to protect. To this end the measure has been denounced as a confiscation of proprietary rights and an encroachment on the liberties and even the religion of the people. To such opposition one salutary provision of the Act is particularly obnoxious, because it removes the questions in dispute from the unwholesome atmosphere of the civil courts and the attentions of legal practitioners. Some of these views have found support in less

expected and more respectable quarters. The great weight however of both official and private opinion is opposed to the gloomy prognostications of Sir Harnam Singh and the timid commonplaces of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Panjab. Lord Curzon's defence of the measure in the earlier and closing debates places in a true and reasonable light the dangers which all parties recognise and which his Government is ready to face. These criticisms however have been useful in securing a fair hearing for all the interests involved and have failed to disclose any general unpopularity or mistrust. The success of the measure, at present limited to the Panjab, will no doubt depend largely on the wisdom and moderation with which it is administered. If these safeguards are assured, there is every reason to believe that it will be welcomed by the classes for whose benefit it is designed and that its success will lead to its extension over all parts of India where the maintenance of the hereditary land-owning classes is necessary to the safety and prosperity of the State.

ENGLISH RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT.

XI.—THE GREAT CENTRAL.

THE Great Central is the youngest of our large railways and has not yet completed the second year of its existence. The nucleus of the system was the old Manchester Sheffield and Lincolnshire line, which ran across country from Southport and Wrexham on the west to Grimsby and Cleethorpes on the German Ocean, and was of considerable age. But with the successful completion in the spring of last year of the large and very important extension of that line to the Metropolis the entire character of the original system was altered and the old company emerged from the chrysalis stage once for all to take its place under a new name as one of the main through routes of England. The first portion of the old line to be opened was the section from Manchester to Godley. This was brought into use in the year 1841, but owing to the great difficulties encountered by the engineers in carrying it on over the Pennines, it was not until four years later that communication was established through to Sheffield. In 1846 the company purchased the then existing docks at Grimsby and since that date it has spent immense sums in enlarging and improving the accommodation of the port. Whether or no the railway shareholders have derived as large a profit from their enterprise as they would have done had the money been spent in other ways may perhaps be an open question, but there can be no doubt whatever as to the benefit conferred upon the town of Grimsby itself which, as surely as Crewe or Swindon, owes its present prosperity entirely to its good fortune in having attracted these large amounts of railway capital. Two years after acquiring the Grimsby Docks the company obtained its first powers to run steamships and started a ferry service between New Holland and Hull; but this was only a small affair, and it was not until 1864 that the business of marine transport was seriously taken in hand. In that year they bought out a local steamship company and began running boats from Grimsby to the Continent. Shortly afterwards they established the services thence to Hamburg, Antwerp, and Rotterdam, which have been maintained in operation ever since.

Along with the Midland and Great Northern this company became joint owners of the network of railways in its western district known as the Cheshire Lines. It accepted the entire responsibility of finding the rolling stock for and working the express trains by this route between Manchester and Liverpool and instituted the hourly service as long ago as 1877. For a time it was felt that the natural destiny of the Sheffield Company would be amalgamation with one or other of the great trunk lines running north and south, but as year by year passed without bringing this any nearer realisation, the idea gradually arose that it would be better to maintain an independent existence and if possible extend the railway to the Metropolis without submitting to the control of any external interests whatever. The chairman of the company was also chairman of the Metropolitan and South-Eastern railways, and at the

same time was doing his utmost to secure the construction of a Channel Tunnel between England and France. It was generally supposed to be the ambition of his life to see through trains, starting from Liverpool and passing over the various systems with which he was connected, which should convey passengers without change of carriage to Paris and all parts of the Continent. The Metropolitan Company, like other purely urban railways, was finding it to its interest to go ever further and further afield in search of new sources of traffic; and when at length after much opposition an Act was obtained in the spring of 1892 authorising the extension of the old Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire line to the south, the Metropolitan was already established as far out in the country as Aylesbury. It was accordingly arranged that the new line should only be constructed to a junction near that town, a point from which the northern trains were to run nearly up to London over the local company's metals; but as it would have been obviously impossible to deal with them at Baker Street they were to be diverted on entering the suburbs to a terminus of their own. The new line was duly constructed, the title of "Great Central" adopted in place of the old name which was no longer appropriate, and, after a ceremonious opening, through passenger trains were put on between London and Manchester in March 1899. In the meanwhile however unexpected difficulties had arisen. The man who had been simultaneously chairman of both the Sheffield and the Metropolitan companies was gone, and with the disappearance of his controlling influence it soon became clear that the interests of the two boards were no longer considered identical. Grave disputes arose, but they ultimately proved a blessing in disguise, producing as they did as a net result a close working alliance between the Great Central and its progressive western neighbour. By a new line to be constructed by the Great Central and Great Western jointly the trains from the north will eventually be able to reach their terminus in London without entering Metropolitan territory, and in view of the probable growth of traffic in the future the new arrangement will no doubt prove more convenient for all parties than that originally contemplated. Meanwhile the close relations established with the Great Western have already produced one excellent effect. A service of express trains has just been started between Oxford and Leicester via the new Banbury branch, and though as yet there are only two trains each way daily, a glance at the map will show that this route opens up possibilities for a number of through services which would be amongst the most important of any not touching the metropolis. If the harmony between the companies remains unimpaired, we may look for developments of traffic by this route which will occasion competing lines some anxiety.

Of the actual work done by the Great Central Company much of course remains unaffected by the extension to London. For example the hourly service between Liverpool and Manchester already referred to goes on as before, the trains covering their thirty-four miles in forty-five or forty minutes according as they do or do not make the midway stop at Warrington. The very creditable Manchester and Southport expresses still run at fifty-one miles an hour through one of the most thickly populated parts of Lancashire; and Grimsby with its Continental connexions and its vast fish trade was and is about as busy as a port can be.

But with the opening of the new line a number of entirely new services have been instituted. The primary object of the extension was the provision of another alternative route between London and Manchester and it was hoped that the advent of the Great Central expresses would compel the competing companies to offer a much wanted improvement. The time allowed for the journey by each of the older lines was four hours and a quarter—the Northern of France Railway would have been content with an hour less and even then would have always had the trains arriving before they were due—and allowing for all the difficulties of the Great Central route it seemed reasonable enough to expect that they would be able to get their very light trains through in at any rate four hours. So far however from this being the case that the Great

Central trains have for one reason or another hitherto failed to come up even approximately to the very moderate standard already in existence, and when in addition to this we remember that the Marylebone terminus is far removed from the business quarter, has no connexion with the Underground, and has no convenient junction near like Willesden to supply its deficiencies and pour in a continuous stream of passengers from the City, the prospect of ever working up a paying Manchester traffic appears hopelessly remote. The company itself seems to recognise the fact, for it has lately been turning its attention rather to Huddersfield, Bradford, and the West Riding towns and for the time being has abandoned the unfortunate through passengers to their fate.

But though the new line has left the London and Manchester service unimproved it has provided most acceptable further facilities for reaching Leicester, Nottingham, and Sheffield, and these and other Midland towns have been immensely benefited locally. Perhaps on the whole criticism is as yet premature. The system has not had time to get into full working order, and it may be that within the next year or two through services will be in operation over the railway worthy of the vast sums of money which have been spent on its construction. The coaching stock of the company is fairly good. The fast through London trains which were put on at the opening of the line are composed of bogie corridor vehicles, comfortable enough to ride in, though small. Complete provision is made for the serving of refreshments en route and the lavatory arrangements are particularly good. The locomotive stock was very largely increased to meet the additional traffic resulting from the London extension, so a considerable proportion of it is quite new. The engines employed hitherto have been of a plain useful type without any special characteristics beyond the fact that they have been largely fitted with the Belpaire firebox, a device which though common enough in other countries has been but little used in England. This summer the company has produced a class of large single-wheel expresses for the London work. These and indeed all the main-line engines are sufficiently powerful to deal with trains much heavier and faster than those at present running.

* * This article concludes the series on English Railways; a similar series on the railways of Scotland will begin on 10 November, to be followed by a third on the Irish lines.

IN HONOUR OF CHAUCER.

FEW things in literary history are more remarkable than the vicissitudes through which the fame of Chaucer has passed. It was five hundred years ago on Thursday when his coffin was laid in Poets' Corner, and during that time the alternations in his reputation have been such that it would scarcely be a fanciful analogy to compare them with the fortunes of the sun in an unsettled sky. For a time its splendour is unsullied, then darkened and overcast it struggles with intervening clouds, and, after fitful glimpses, is lost: anon it emerges, but to disappear as suddenly; again the obscuring medium is illuminated, slowly transformed, and all once more is pristine radiance. During the century which succeeded Chaucer's death the homage paid to him was unstinted and universal. There was no poet of any eminence either in England or in Scotland who was not his disciple, and who was not proud to boast that he was his disciple. To one he was "the maister deere and father reverent, the flour of eloquence, the universal father of science;" to another "the rose of rhetoric all, the light of our English surmounting every tongue terrestrial." During the sixteenth century, in spite of the numerous editions through which his works had passed, he had ceased to be influential, and although the Elizabethan critics Sidney, Ascham, Webbe, Meeres and Puttenham, for instance, speak of him with the greatest respect, the only poets who seem to have been his hearty admirers were Spenser and Francis Beaumont. Shakespeare had no doubt read him, but Ben Jonson treats him with something very like contempt. Till towards the end of the next century he fell completely into neglect, so much so

that between 1602 and 1687 no edition of his works, and, if we are not mistaken, no edition of any one of his poems was printed, which is the more surprising because Earle in his "Microcosmography" which appeared in 1628 tells us that it was fashionable to regard Chaucer as one of the greatest of poets. Dryden's modernisations of the "Flower and the Leaf," then universally attributed to Chaucer, and of some of the "Canterbury Tales" and his eloquent tribute to Chaucer's genius in the "Preface to the Fables" appear to have done nothing to revive his fame. Cowley could not read him. If our memory serves us rightly the only passage in Milton which implies any acquaintance with him is the famous reference to the "Squire's Tale" in "Il Penseroso" and a reference in one of his Latin poems to the fact that Chaucer had visited Italy. Waller speaks of him as obsolete. During the first half of the next century his reputation had reached its nadir. Addison's well-known lines express the general estimate. After observing that Chaucer had broken the long sleep of the Muses during the Dark Ages, he continues:

"But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language and obscured his wit.
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain."

When Pope wishes to illustrate the transitoriness of literary fame he clinches his moral with the words "And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be." So completely, indeed, had Chaucer come to be regarded as barbarous and obsolete that he was tolerated only when translated into the speech and style of the time. Thus Pope followed Dryden in "modernising" the "House of Fame" the prologue to the "Wife of Bath's Tale" and the "Merchant's Tale." Pope was succeeded by a long dynasty of modernisers beginning with one Samuel Cobb, and culminating in Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, and Mrs. Browning.

At length the sun began to emerge. In 1754 we find Thomas Warton complaining that Chaucer's poems are "regarded rather as venerable relics than as beautiful compositions" as pieces "rather calculated to gratify the antiquarian than the critic." Warton undoubtedly did much to open the eyes of his countrymen to the great injustice of the popular verdict on Chaucer. The publication of Tyrwhitt's admirable edition of the works in 1775 not only seconded Warton's efforts but may be said to mark an era in Chaucerian study. And now we find Chaucer treated with increased respect, and becoming gradually influential. Byron indeed pronounced him to be "obscene and contemptible, and indebted for his celebrity merely to his antiquity," and neither Campbell nor Sir Walter Scott was at all hearty in praise of him. But he found enthusiastic admirers in Southey who placed him with Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton in the front rank of English poets, in Coleridge who took "unceasing delight in him," and in Wordsworth who, if more measured in his eulogies, read him, as he owned, incessantly and with delight. Since Wordsworth's time his fame has been growing, each decade steadily adding to it; and it would be no exaggeration to say that the quingentenary of his death finds him, in the estimation of many, perhaps of most, critics, standing with Shakespeare and Milton—if *longo intervallo*—at the head of English poets.

These strange fluctuations in Chaucer's reputation are not hard to explain. Something no doubt must be allowed for social conditions and fashions, but the main cause of the obscurity and neglect into which he so long fell was the difficulty of reading him. In his own time and during the fifteenth century his poems were familiar through recitation. As soon as they were printed difficulties began. His language was becoming obsolete, his text was corrupt, the grossest liberties being taken with it even in the manuscripts. Professor Lounsbury gives a very amusing illustration of this. The scribe finds in the Clerk of Oxenford's Tale this couplet, the Clerk is describing how the birth of a son to the lord of the manor brings joy not only to the father but to his dependents—

"Not only he, but all his country, merry
Was for the child, and God they thank and hery."

The scribe not knowing the meaning of the word

"hery" which is to praise substituted "for he was hairy."

There was no lack of editions of his works since Caxton began to print them, but it was not till 1721 that they were taken out of the cumbrous black letter. The editor however who relieved them of this burden did more to corrupt Chaucer's text than all the blunders of his predecessors put together. This was Urry, and a more atrocious edition of an English classic in everything but in the type does not exist. The first competent editor of Chaucer was Tyrwhitt who literally did all that it was possible for a scholar to do when English philology was still in its infancy. But nearly a hundred years had to pass before Chaucer's text could be regarded as satisfactory as that of Homer or of Virgil. The last stage in Chaucerian textual criticism may be said to be initiated by the appearance in 1862 of Professor Child's "Observations upon the Language of Chaucer" based upon the Harleian Manuscript. This was succeeded five years afterwards by the foundation of the Chaucer Society and the "Six Texts Edition of the Canterbury Tales" by Dr. Furnivall a scholar who has done more, both directly and indirectly, for the study of Early and Middle English than anyone who has ever lived. With Dr. Furnivall's name should be coupled that of Richard Morris whose admirable edition of Chaucer's works in the Aldine Series, and of a portion of the "Canterbury Tales" in the Clarendon Press Series has brought Chaucer home to our own educational institutes and to the general reader. In Professor Skeat's monumental edition of Chaucer's complete works the labours of the last fifty years may be said to culminate. And certainly our debt to these scholars and their disciples, who are too numerous to mention, is an immense one. Every Englishman of average intelligence and ordinary industry can now read and understand Chaucer with as much facility as he can Shakespeare: he has a correct and settled text, a critical apparatus that leaves nothing to be desired, excellent glossaries, excellent elucidatory notes. His countrymen have thus been ready with a fitting tribute to greet the quingentenary of the Father of their poetry.*

The tribute of the Royal Society of Literature can scarcely be pronounced to be so solid as that of these scholars. But it is graceful and interesting. It consists of five essays preceded by a truly admirable Introduction from the pen of the editor, Mr. Percy Ames. Of these essays it is doing them no injustice to say that with one or two exceptions they appear to be intended rather for amateurs than for specialists and scarcely call for serious criticism. But all are pleasantly written and that on the Paston Letters, which is intended to illustrate the social life of a period which though chronologically a little later may still be regarded as Chaucer's England, is particularly pleasing. One contribution to the volume is of singular interest, that on the Portraits of Chaucer by Mr. Spielmann, and he would, we think, do well to reprint it in a separate form.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THIS body has a long and sounding name, spacious galleries, an Empress, two Princesses and an Excellency among its honorary members, and a number of other solemnities, including, I see, an Honorary Chaplain, whose office perhaps it is to "church" the members when they have been safely delivered of their works. But the real *fond* of this imposing array is a group of black and white illustrators, and we shall treat the whole affair in a proper spirit of indulgence if we regard it as a kind of holiday which these energetic draughtsmen allow themselves. Many of them have come to regard this outing in colours as the serious occupation of their lives, and would be angry enough to be taken for anything but painters: moreover they carry in their train several painters and numerous representatives of painters deceased, not to speak of a host of amateur

and lady sketchers. But behind it all one seems to see the colossal figure of the late W. L. Thomas organising in an overflow of the energy that founded the *Graphic*, a recreation for his household of illustrators. The opinions of illustrators about one another's painting, it may be added, form the public opinion in the matter of pictures.

The present exhibition is better in three respects than the ordinary. It is confined to members, so there is less absolute fluff; it is of studies and sketches—that is to say the studio processes of softening asperities have not in all cases crushed out the original motive of the sketch; and the works of the different members are grouped together. This is no advantage when all are good; but it has an advantage here, for the perfectly bad are sorted out and can be slipped over, to the economy of such stock of patience as the visitor can bring to the inspection of the rest. I went round the whole collection; making notes on each group; most of them I shall keep to myself, and with some doubt whether I do well to intrude on these sports at all, offer a few to my readers.

1-7. *Black and white drawings by Phil May.* Here certainly is a draughtsman, and one who has shown that he has a real taste in life. His imagination warms itself at bars, on the racecourse, at the music-hall, in the stable yard. "Punch," the gentlemanly, has done his best to neutralise this talent, and there does not seem to exist in England an organ free enough and ironic enough to make the best of him. These holiday drawings are not bad, of course, but neutral and a little cast-iron. Holland at present must be a difficult country for the humorous observer, because the decorative pets of *The Studio* have taken a lease of her fishermen and "meisjes." They all go about evidently in the thick overalls of outline lent them by Charpentier, Nico Jungman and Bartlett. In the works of this school the precautions taken against colours running into one another must remind the inhabitants of the work of their fathers in dyking the country.

184-192. *Sir J. D. Linton.* This singularly varied collection of historical figures (Bishop M., Alcuin, John Wesley, S. Edmund the Martyr, Bishop Latimer, Dr. Arnold, Bunyan, Tennyson, Milton) does not exhaust Sir James Linton's gallery, which is continued at intervals round the walls. It was with ever-renewed delight that I came upon them; and I wish they filled the whole gallery, for I should never tire of this surprising view of eminent men. These designs have been executed in stained glass, and must be still more entertaining in that form. Bunyan carries a brazier in one hand (Tinker) and a book in the other (author of *Pilgrim's Progress*) and the strong visionary looks like a brisk plump tenor tinker of the comic-opera stage. Wesley and Arnold have a super-angelic or subter-human unction. Tennyson is subordinate to his renowned cloak and wideawake. In life there was just a little uncertainty whether the picture would come right, whether the mossy hat and cloak would back up properly the magnificent head, or have too much the air of "properties." Sir James Linton, whose imaginative dwelling is in wardrobes like those of Heatherley's and the Langham Sketching Club, contrives to give the garments their least of dignity their most of costume. There is a great deal of boot and trouser, a horribly pretty red necktie, and the poet tucks up his cloak with the action of an old lady about to cross a muddy street. I should like to see Sir James' talent for the giving away of poses exercised not on those for whom we have a tenderness, but on various modern Leaders of Thought in political and other fields.

218-228. *J. Bernard Partridge.* Here we have an initial gift of drawing (see 228, "Portrait of the Artist"), but a deficiency of humour. Mr. Partridge accepts the *cabotin* on his own terms. When he draws an actor or ballet-dancer he adopts his subject's own attitude of whole-hearted simple admiration. No one can make anything in art of an ample lady in tights and ballet-dress, unless he has an ironic perception of the grotesqueness of the spectacle. Degas is not foolish enough to take on the vanity of the dancer; he finds beauty in the spectacle in a fashion that must shock the subject. In the portrait of "Hall Caine,

* "Chaucer Memorial Lectures." Edited with an Introduction by Percy W. Ames, Secretary of the Royal Society of Literature. London: Asher and Co. 1900. 6s.

Esq.," even Mr. Partridge, with all the stern high seriousness of the draughtsman for our leading comic paper to restrain him, must have laughed just a little, though I suspect him of complicity almost to the very last. The crook of the leg displaying the elegance of—knickerbockers; the gleaming eyes and teeth, the *mèche* that falls with artful carelessness from the leonine mane across the Shakespearean brow, the pocket-handkerchief that follows the same wanton impulse—I think something must have dawned upon Mr. Partridge when he came to that handkerchief.

394-430. *John Fulleylove*. Many of these drawings of architecture are charming, whether in black and white, as one of S. Paul's (320) or with tints added. A single frame contains four such sketches, of the Trinity College Library, the Law Courts, Brussels, Sandwich, and King's Lynn, all nicely packed and with fine feeling for building and site. The colour is slight and agreeable, not important in itself, and not adequate when relied on alone as in 307, a view in Greece. Mr. F. W. Topham often leans too much on colour, and shows to advantage in slightly washed drawings like those numbered 160-168.

But here I must cut short my notes of the illustrators, and take some samples of the painters, beginning with the President, who hangs somewhere between the two groups.

339-347. *E. J. Gregory, R.A., President*. Mr. Gregory has a certain gift in drawing, and a decided taste in life. The taste is for very pretty faces, very "fetching" would best express the nuance, and for life up the river. By life up the river I mean that life in its most modish hieratic terms, very brightly varnished punts and launches, with bright discordant silk cushions and handsome luncheon baskets. His gift in drawing is for very exact delineation. In 341, *Thatch, Shingle and Corrugated Iron*, it will be seen how well his method suits corrugated iron. It does not suit the grass so well, nor human faces; so that Mr. Gregory has to renounce his gift in drawing these, and fall back on a laborious stipple. He has perhaps more technical skill than all the other exhibitors put together, and a more disagreeable taste in vision than most. Thus, in his drawing of *Swanage* he spends his best skill in elaborating a row of iron railings and a lodge, the chief eyesore in the prospect. It is a curious study—this widening gap between a man's liking in real life and his bent in drawing, with the stipple painfully filling the gap—the drawing that would be so perfect for an engineer's designs applied to the pretty cockney paradise.

151-159. *John R. Reid*. Mr. Reid is a painter; he sees things coloured, instead of adding tints to forms in a dubious afterthought. Each of these sketches contains something which could not be arrived at by taking thought in a studio, any more than by working from nature without taking thought. An opposition of colours strikes the eye, perfectly different from the feebly harmonious reduction of everything to dishwater, or from the put-up harmonies with no bite in them of the immured stylist. Here, for example, is *Hampstead Heath* (156) a difficult tufty business, in which the ordinary water-colourist would be caught and entangled like a sheep in a thicket. Mr. Reid carries off the gold of the gorse and the blue of the distance, a blue and gold never seen exactly in that relation before; and does not spill them on the rough way home and replace them by something made up. The skies remain roughly stained, of the true stain, not modelled into a substitute that gains smoothness at the expense of that more valuable truth. Mr. Reid seems to me to preserve a precious instinctive quality in these drawings that his palette-knife work often crushes out of his oil paintings. In the case of less notable painters it may be observed how much better the unsmoothed veracious sketch is than the finished article. Thus Mr. Weedon's two sea-pieces, 452 and 453, differ in kind from the other work he exhibits.

336, 371, 467-474. *Harry Hine*. Here is a less certain eye, but one that is interested in an opposition of colour. The first sketch, a *Brighton Sunset*, is charming, and in numerous pieces depending on flowers, there is an approach to the exquisite telling of the flower against

its background, neither in nude explosion, like the majority of flower-pieces here, nor grated away into the dishwater soup of others.

556-560. *Arthur Severn*. Two of these, cloud effects, especially 560, are remarkable notes, and notes of impressive effects. Ruskin had an ambition to "bottle skies" and lay them down "as his father bottled sherry," and he believed it possible to train students to do such bottling. Grant the idea that effects might be collected, like minerals, by a non-picture-making mind, and these studies of Mr. Severn's come about as near to the idea as is likely.

623-634. *R. B. Nisbet*. Mr. Nisbet, I should say, is uneasy at his long confinement on dusky moors, and risks coming out into other lights. He is a little dazzled and very determined.

196-209. *Arthur Burrington*; 193-195. *A. Winter-Shaw* are examples, to whose names others might be added, of painters who have a sensibility to colour, but too easily run away from their sensations. Mr. Burrington brazens out the blanks, as in *La Festa, Castellar*; Mr. Shaw turns in to Mr. Edward Stott's to borrow.

Of members who continue with some skill brown traditions out of previous pictures rather than from their own sensations Mr. Wimperis, the Vice-President, is perhaps the most accomplished. Mr. Claude Hayes has not quite the same assurance in throwing down a composition, but his colour has more tincture of freshness. Mr. Edwin Hayes, within a stout even stodgy envelope, manages his boats and waves with remarkable cunning.

248. *W. H. Weatherhead*, "The Old, Old, Story."

251. *Gordon Browne*, "Hark! Hark the Lark!"

350. *Edgar Bundy*, "A Macaroni."

358. *Hal Hurst*, "In the Lower Depths."

739. *Dudley Hardy*, "Thoughts of the Absent."

D. S. M.

"STYLE" AND THE STAGE.

WRITING, like talking, is the art of expressing thoughts in words. (Shade of Mr. Barlow!) But there is, necessarily, a vast difference between the oral and the scriptural use of words. When we talk, we have for our ministers not words only, but also gesture, play of feature, modulation of the voice's tone, and regulation of its pace, whereby we may subtly temper or accentuate the words themselves, and fit them, be they never so carelessly chosen, exactly to our meaning. When we write, we have nothing but words, words, with those little summary and meagre things whose hard office is to ape the infinitely variable pauses of the human voice. In some cases, we have also handwriting, in which there is a kind of implicit expressiveness. When, as in letters to our friends, handwriting is the form in which we shall be read, we can, certainly, well express our meaning with less care in the choice of words, can afford to be more colloquial. Letter-writing has a half-way place between conversation and writing for print. It is an art in itself. It may be killed gradually by perversion of that loathsome engine, the type-writer. A type-written letter composed in an epistolary style means little to him who receives it. Without the handwriting of our correspondent, we cannot (as otherwise, more or less, we can) see him and hear his voice. The correspondent must express himself as carefully as though he were writing for print. At present, the barbarians who type-write their letters (alas! the number of them is increasing annually) have not realised this necessity. They dash off their letters blithely and carelessly, in the old manner, with no suspicion that the result is a kind of bald offence to its recipient. Perhaps, when they realise that true expression through a type-writer entails an elaborate literary style, they will be less loud in their joy over the easiness of the actual manipulation. Perhaps they will go back to pens and ink-pots. Else, the art of letter-writing is obsolescent, for certainly the type-writers must soon realise that the old style does not survive their machinations, and that to persist in it is absurd.

But I have digressed. My concern is with the inequality between the means in talking and the means

in writing. The writer has to balance this inequality. He has to produce through printed words the same effect as that which he would produce through spoken words. In short, he must have a style. Not only has he to condense and give form to the matter of his expression, that it may be effective through the medium of print: also he must translate into his phrases his oral manner, reproduce some clear idea of his own personality, his gestures, his inflections, his pauses. To accomplish this difficult process is to have a style. Without a style writing is nothing. Few men have it. None can acquire it. It is a gift bestowed by Nature. It can be cultivated—cannot be too constantly cultivated—by him on whom Nature has bestowed it. But no toil will win it for him to whom Nature has denied it. By dint of practice, certainly, most men of intelligence can acquire style in the old, narrow sense of the word. They can learn to formulate well their matter, to give it close expression and logical sequence and good grammar. They can use prose according to the ideal of the eighteenth century without more trouble than is involved in the learning of any other common trick. They can express meanings easily enough in an impersonal, general way. But to do that is only one fraction of style, as style is understood now. The leader-writers of the daily newspapers, even, have that half at their finger-tips. Would they, on that account, pretend themselves to be stylists? The old journalism, which is the manner of Polyphemus on the Delphic tripod, and the new journalism, which is the manner of 'Arry garbed and coifed after the fashion of Cassandra, are for us equally remote from true style. For in recent years we have discovered that true style is essentially a personal matter, a medium through which a man expresses truth as he himself sees it, and emotions as he himself feels them; that it is, in fact, not a mere spy-hole to things in general, but a spy-hole to things as they are reflected in the soul of the writer. Thus is style in the modern sense a far more complex thing than style in the eighteenth century's sense. To express through printed words all the little side-lights of thought and fine shades of meaning that are in him is the task of the modern stylist; and the tricks and formalities which must be gone through in accomplishing that task carry him further and further away from his ordinary manner in colloquy. It is that very manner which he is trying to reproduce; but the only medium for its reproduction lies leagues away from it. Modern prose style is further removed from colloquialism than was the prose style of the eighteenth century, for this paradoxical reason: that colloquialism is its model.

In dramaturgy, you will perceive, there is a deep pitfall for modern stylists. Most of them are quite aware of the danger, and refrain from writing plays. Occasionally, however, one of them does write a play and walks straight into the pitfall. Mr. Henry James did so a few years ago. The characters in "Guy Domville" were made to speak precisely that curious and intricate language through which Mr. James reveals himself to us in his books. When Mr. James makes the characters in his books speak this language, the result is a trifle disconcerting, and we tolerate it only because Mr. James is a more interesting character than any character that even he, finely creative though he is, could project for us. But to hear that language spoken by mimes is quite intolerable. The language becomes mere gibberish. Dialogue spoken on the stage must be composed in a natural and un-literary manner. Every character in an acted play has a voice, has gestures and tricks of face; he must say the kind of things that he would say in real life, and not the kind of things that he would write if he were a modern stylist addressing the public through print. But here I must make two qualifications. One of them is that my dislike of the dialogue in "Guy Domville" does not imply that a dramatist is better without style. On the contrary, the more style he have the better. Only it must be style of a particular kind—the style that selects the most characteristic and pregnant phrases for every character in every situation. In other words, every character must be made to say always what he might say in real life, whilst he must (owing to

the conditions of drama) be prevented from saying a great many other things which he might say in real life without adding to the effect of the speech selected by the dramatist. Style, in dialogue, is thus a matter of compression from real life, of translation never. Never? There comes in the other qualification that I promised. In poetic drama the mimes must, of course, express themselves beautifully and unnaturally. The stylist may let himself go there, may be (objectively) a stylist to his heart's content, inasmuch as our illusion is not wooed from the plane of realism. And there is another non-realistic form in which the stylist may give us (objective) style—the form of farce. It is only in the (for us moderns) more important forms of realistic tragedy and comedy that he must curb himself. In poetic drama style is essential. In farces it is an added grace, an intensification of the fun. To be able to make an absurd and absurdly-situated character express himself in terms of exquisite, elaborate gravity is a very valuable power for the farce-writer, and ought to be tended by him lovingly. Robert Louis Stevenson was a master in the art, as I recalled a few weeks ago, regretting that he was not alive to use it in Drury Lane melodrama. You remember the scene between Mrs. Vandeleur and her husband when the Rajah's diamond was missing? "'Madam,' said the General, 'you might have paved the gutter with your own trash; you might have made debts fifty times the sum you mention; you might have robbed me of my mother's coronet and ring; and Nature might have still so far prevailed that I could have forgiven you at last. But, madam, you have taken the Rajah's Diamond—the Eye of Light, as the Orientals poetically termed it—the Pride of Kashgar! You have taken from me the Rajah's Diamond,' he cried, raising his hands, 'and all, Madam, is at an end between us!'" 'Believe me, General Vandeleur,' she replied, 'that is one of the most agreeable speeches that I ever heard from your lips; and since we are to be ruined, I could almost welcome the change, if it delivers me from you. You have told me often enough that I married you for your money; let me tell you now that I always bitterly repented the bargain; and if you were still marriageable and had a diamond bigger than your head, I should counsel even my maid against a union so uninviting and disastrous,'" &c. &c. In that immortal scene we have the emotions of rage and horror, contempt and defiance, beautifully expressed in terms of a fantastic style, and it is the contrast between the speeches and the characters that makes the scene immortally delicious. I should love to see it on the stage. Mr. Gilbert is the only dramatist who has contrived on the stage a similar effect. Many other dramatists have tried to do so—Mr. Pinero, for example—but they had not the requisite combination of literary sense with sense of humour. Captain Marshall, in "The Noble Lord," which was produced last Thursday at the Criterion Theatre, has also made the attempt, but he again has not enough literary sense to bring it off. Someone else must try. I am surprised to see that Mr. Archer, in commenting on the formality of the speeches in Captain Marshall's play, declares that "such speeches are totally ineffective and burdensome because they spring neither from the character nor [from] the situation." This is a queer view, surely. The speeches are tedious because they are composed in the style of a leader-writer; not because they are dramatically inappropriate. If they had the grave fantastic grace of Stevenson's speeches their very inappropriateness would make them irresistible. Mr. Archer ought to distinguish between farce and realistic comedy.

As for the play itself, there is little to be said of it. The idea is good: a lady loved by the Prime Minister, the Leader of the Opposition, and the Leader of the Irish Party. But Captain Marshall, having conceived the idea, rested on his laurels and made little or nothing of it. There are one or two funny situations in the course of the play, but they are not worked out. The whole thing is spasmodic, perfunctory, and not strong enough to bear the dead weight which Captain Marshall has shovelled on to it—the dreadful dead weight of a satire on the forgotten Women's Rights Movement. There are, however, many good jokes and some very bad

epigrams in the play, most of them uttered by Mrs. Calvert, to the rolling delight of everyone. In virtue of them, and of her, and of the many other popular mimes engaged, the play will succeed, perhaps. MAX.

CONCERNING PIANO-PLAYING.

IT is somewhat curious that so many people, leading blameless lives in all other respects, persist in playing upon the piano. Not only the sons and daughters, but the grave mothers and fathers, of families are known to sit down and deliberately, in cold blood, "play a piece." They cannot play: they have as a rule no technique, no touch nor tone, no real understanding of the music on the desk before them; but play they must and will; and they do it though all their hearers shudder. There are people whose ears cease to function when they sing: they know perfectly well when other people are or are not in tune, but never learn that they sing out of tune; and it seems to me the pianoforte amateur suffers from an analogous affliction. He will offer some acute remarks on Paderewski and Rosenthal, and then himself play to you until your nerves burn inside you like a network of red-hot wires. I say "he," but as a matter of experience the pianoforte amateur is of course in ninety-nine cases in a hundred a woman. Not all women are unintelligent; and I have even known them to possess a good deal of feeling for music and some critical judgment. But all their qualities desert them the moment they play the piano; and everyone knows how ready they always are to play. I write this without bitterness; for I owe much to women who play the piano. Often have their performances raised my courage to the pitch at which I could coldly lie about forgotten appointments and make an early escape from dreary suburban parties. Such performances I recall with mingled feelings of gratitude and horror.

Though like all people who live a good deal out of England, I endure much from the English who insist on playing badly on hotel pianos (always villainous in tone, always out of tune), I am not at the present moment merely giving my long-suppressed feelings a vent. It is true I have marked three or four belated tourists here, and may some evening act on a sudden impulse and execute my calmly-prepared plan and slay them. If I do so, the judges and juries of this world may show me no mercy; but I shall go cheerfully to the next world, not indeed expecting mercy, but in the full assurance of being treated as a benefactor to the human species and of seeing my former tormentors and victims sent off to atone for their piano-playing sins. But this is away from the point. I want to ask why amateur piano-playing as a rule should be so abominable. If a woman plays the violin, she generally, to do her justice, plays it passably well. If she sings—ah! if she sings, she should promptly be told that her youngest child has caught whooping-cough. So long as she refrains from singing or the piano, she can be borne. Why should she always fail at the piano? The man amateur is also a tolerable creature so long as he sticks to the violin or 'cello, though he is terrible when he sings or tries the flute or cornet or that favourite instrument in the more select portions of the lower circles, the concertina. Why should he always fail at the piano? I used to ask myself this question daily, and for a long time I despaired of finding a satisfactory answer. At last I have found it; and, like all great discoveries, it is astoundingly simple. Few persons play the piano well because far from being, as is commonly supposed, the simplest and easiest of instruments, it is by a very long way the most difficult of them all. The acquisition of touch is a matter that may well occupy a student many hours a day for many years; the technique is as hard to master as the technique of the violin; and even though a man may be able to make the piano sing like an angel, and though the most rapid and intricate passages may be no hindrance to him, yet will he not be able to afford artistic enjoyment to a musician unless he himself bring to his piano-playing a high degree of musicianship. The piano is not so much an instrument as a substitute for other instruments. A note cannot be

sustained on it; far from a crescendo on a note being possible, every note, once struck, is doomed to dwindle away and disappear in a miserable diminuendo. Its own natural and proper effects are almost as limited as those of the harp; the tin whistle has a wider range. But if it is an instrument of small individuality, of mean natural qualities, it is an excellent mimic; and properly handled it can be made to suggest nearly all the effects possible on nearly all other instruments. A modern piano by a first-rate maker can suggest on the one hand the old-world piano with a wooden frame (which was a genuine instrument, properly speaking the only genuine form of the piano); and on the other hand it can suggest the present-day orchestra. The bulk of the music written for it, since Beethoven (composing for the wooden-frame piano) plunged into the sonatas of his second period, is music that suggests the orchestra, music that can only be understood by reference to the contemporary development of orchestral music. Even Chopin, who understood the piano better than any other composer, constantly makes one think of the orchestra in his pianoforte music, just as in his concertos his orchestral accompaniments make us think of the piano. It follows that anyone who wishes to play the piano well must, in the first place, thoroughly understand modern orchestral music, and in fact music for all instruments, and in the second must slave until he acquires a technique sufficient to enable him to play any chord, scale or arpeggio passages at any speed and with precisely the true tone-colour demanded. It is so easy to pick out a tune with one finger that the common notion has grown up that it requires only industry, patient practice, to enable one to play difficult music. This is the fatal error that causes so much needless suffering in the world; and it is an error that will continue to be held and to cause more suffering until people generally, and pianoforte teachers in particular, realise precisely the limitations and possibilities of the instrument.

Mr. W. H. Webbe, apparently a New Zealand gentleman, has lately issued through Messrs. Forsyth Brothers, a "Pianist's A.B.C." All things considered, it is an excellent step in the right direction. Mr. Webbe at least assumes that a pianist ought to be something more than a person who can get his fingers upon certain notes, that he ought to be a cultivated musician. If he had gone further and insisted that he ought also to be a cultivated man he would have done better. Next to opera-singers, who rarely know anything—not even the stories of the operas in which they sing—pianists are the most ignorant and uninteresting people I have met. Even organists are a little more tolerable, for they have generally studied harmony, counterpoint and instrumentation, and their wits are sharpened by their incessant conflicts with the clergy. But the mere pianist—and it must be remembered there are exceptions—seems to study nothing save rapid passage playing. To him Mr. Webbe's book will be useful. Besides dealing with the elements of pianoforte technique, it deals with elementary harmony, counterpoint, composition, musical forms, musical history, and the instrument itself. There is also an appendix containing some useful information—not in every case strictly accurate—as to musical journals and books for musicians, and a guide to music publishers. I wish the chapter on pianos had come first; for a great part of the pain caused by the piano amateur is due to the fact that nine pianos out of every ten are downright bad, either because they were made so, or because they have not been attended to or have been maltreated. The indifference of amateur pianists to their instruments is curious. A violinist always buys the finest fiddle he can afford, and tends it as one would a sick child; but one may go into a hundred houses where the piano is played and not find one instrument in good condition. Often in a superbly furnished house one finds a piano which was probably a bad one to begin with and has been in use for a quarter of a century or more without once, apparently, having received a thorough overhauling or tuning. Moreover, many good housewives reckon it the proper thing to get a good piano and then spoil it by heaping music, flower-pots and goodness knows what else on top of it. Such people are criminals

and should be made to study Mr. Webbe's book. There are many other kinds of musical criminals to whom its speedy study may be recommended; and it should be placed in the hands of young people who have not set out on a career of crime. It has many faults—the portions on harmony and counterpoint are anything but satisfactory, and there are many bad misprints—but on the whole it is the best book for piano-players yet produced.

Together with Mr. Webbe's book there have reached me specimens of a new edition of pianoforte pieces intended for young students. It is issued by Mr. Alfred Lengnick and edited by Mr. Stanley Hawley, and has many excellent features to recommend it. I don't know that the Songs without Words of Mendelssohn are worth playing at all, but for youngsters taking them in hand the notion of printing the notes of the melodies in red is distinctly good.

J. F. R.

TWO VALUATIONS.

FEW things in the commercial world are more satisfactory than the Valuation Returns of a prosperous life office. The details required by the Life Assurance Companies Act are such that a very good opinion can be formed from these returns of the position of a company. When that position is in accordance with the best modern ideas it is one of financial stability which is certainly not exceeded by any other business undertaking, and on the other hand when the position is weak the Valuation Returns reveal the weakness and make it possible to warn the public against entrusting their money to an unreliable office.

The recently published Valuation Returns of the Marine and General Life Assurance Society are of the satisfactory sort. They give evidence of the financial strength of the Office, and of the large profits it is making for the benefit of its policy-holders. Its liabilities are valued by the tables published by the Institute of Actuaries, and it is assumed that interest will be earned on the funds at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum. During the past five years the average return yielded by the funds has been £4 1s. 11d. per cent., showing an annual contribution to surplus of more than £1 per cent. per annum of the funds. A provision is made for expenses which is in excess of the expenditure that is actually being incurred, and from this source also there is a contribution to surplus which, though it is at present small, is steadily increasing in consequence of the successful efforts that are being made to reduce the rate of expenditure. The most striking feature of the Returns, however, is the maintenance of the large bonuses which the Society has declared without variation for the last twenty-five years. The bonus is a reversionary addition at the high rate of £2 10s. per cent. per annum, and the result to the policy-holders is one that very few companies can equal, let alone excel. The Society works very quietly, and transacts only a small business. Its premium income is less than £100,000 per annum and its funds fall a little short of £1,000,000, amounts which by comparison with many other offices are very small, but when compared with its own past the Society is showing a rate of progress which by no means indicates any apathy in the management of the business. In the interests of its own policy-holders there is little to be gained by rapid development but in the interests of assurers generally it is much to be desired that the advantages of the Marine and General should be more widely known.

Another company whose Valuation Returns have recently been published is the Yorkshire. Like the Marine and General it values its liabilities by the Institute of Actuaries' Tables, and assumes that the assurance fund will earn 3 per cent., while the actual return upon its funds is £4 1s. 7d. The rate of expenditure provided for is 15.7 per cent. of the premiums, and the actual expenditure for the past five years has been 16.2 per cent., but in addition to the payment of commission and expenses there are dividends to shareholders to be paid. These amounted to 5.8 per cent. of the premiums, bringing the total expenditure up to 23.5 per cent., or nearly 8 per cent. in excess of the

provision made for expenses. The shareholders receive 20 per cent. of the surplus from participating assurances and the whole profits from non-participating policies and annuities. The Yorkshire can scarcely expect to compare favourably with the best offices so long as the shareholders continue to receive so large a proportion of the surplus. Judged, however, by any other standard than the highest the Yorkshire does excellently well for its policy-holders, and its financial position is one of unquestionable strength and solidity.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOCIALISM AND REPUBLICANISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Now that you have drawn Mr. Belfort Bax on this subject, I hope you will not let him off until you have extracted one of his really philosophical utterances from him. What he wrote to you last week is true enough in its way; but it comes to nothing more than that the choice spirits of English and Continental Socialism do not share the common idolatries of the ordinary citizen.

How little that means will be seen if we compare the opinions of the prophets of any great movement with the common opinion of the later period at which the movement has achieved its end and established itself in current political institutions. A hundred years ago the disciples of Bentham might safely have challenged the Saturday Reviewers of that day to name a single Utilitarian who believed that the monarchy or the Established Church could survive the triumph of their doctrine. As to the notion that the political agent of that triumph could possibly have been so conventional a parliamentarian Conservative as Sir Robert Peel, I doubt if it would have received even as much quarter as Mr. Bax would now give to the likelihood of Socialism being established by men of the type of the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain. If Mr. Bax the party man jibs at this, appeal against him to Mr. Bax the philosopher. He knows perfectly well that the triumph of eighteenth-century ideas has not filled our twopenny tubes with Diderots and Voltaires; and I do not see how even his subtlety can prove that the triumph of Socialism will fill the flying machines with Marxes, Lassalles, Baxes, Bernard Shaws et hoc genus omne.

Now let us come down from generalisations to the existing political situations in France and England. No doubt the French Socialists are all Republicans. I think Mr. Bax is rash in declaring that had your leader writer attended the International Socialist Congress the other day, he would have perceived their unanimity. As a matter of fact he would have perceived the followers of MM. Guesde and Lafargue shaking their fists in the faces of the followers of MM. Jaurès and Millerand, and screaming "Assassin! Assassin!" with all their might. Let it be admitted, however, that if Guesde and Lafargue and Jaurès and Millerand do not agree on any other subject, they would at least all regard a constitutional monarch as a pure idol, and an unconstitutional one as a public enemy. But does it therefore follow that if Jaurès and Millerand could choose whether they were to carry out their Socialist programme in France under the existing English constitution or the existing French one, they would choose the French one? As they are not parties to this correspondence, no authoritative answer is available. Let me therefore put the question flatly to Mr. Bax himself. If he were an English minister with a Socialist programme in hand, would he, if he could, exchange the English constitution for the French one? If he did, what would be the result? The capacity of the people for idolatry would not be reduced one whit. Deprived of its Queen, it would do what the French nation has done, idolise some British Boulanger and worship the honour of the army. For my part I prefer the Queen. I ask Mr. Bax to compare the cult of royal old age which is now spreading with the cult of Gladstone's old age ten years ago. Mr. Gladstone's popularity, politically senseless as it was, not

only hindered Socialism, but threatened Republican Ireland with a Home Rule Bill which, if it had become law, would have been rather worse than the rule of Peter the Great. Nobody either in England or Ireland, as far as my acquaintance goes, ever read that Bill; but thousands of Englishmen, Irishmen and Americans, out of pure Gladstone idolatry, frantically advocated it without stopping for a moment to consider whether the social question in Ireland was likely to be solved by the establishment of a twenty-pound-householder oligarchy. Whilst this was going on, the Queen, it may safely be assumed, had quite as strong an objection to Socialism as Gladstone had; but Socialism was none the worse for that, whereas thanks to the Queen and the peerage, we never for a moment suffered the spasm of terror which seized the advanced spirits in France when Boulanger on his black horse pranced into the focus which in this country is safely filled up by a throne. If Socialism in France had been untouched by Boulangism—in other words if Socialism were a prophylactic against idolatry—Mr. Bax's implication might hold good. But he knows that it was not by any means untouched, any more than English Socialism was untouched by Gladstonism. Though the professed Socialists in all countries are still picked men (for folly or wisdom) they are now far too numerous to claim the strength of mind of the little cabinet of social philosophers who started the movement. The growth is so recent that I may say, speaking for myself, that I find it almost impossible to get the members of the old guard out of the habit of assuming that a Socialist is still a man apart and not an ordinary citizen on precisely the same footing as an ordinary Conservative and Liberal.

As a matter of historical fact, Socialism in England does not imply Republicanism. On the contrary, it has always struggled to dissociate itself from the Republican tradition, which was inveterately individualistic. Modern social democracy touched practical industrial politics for the first time in the sixties, through the International. The European president of the International was Karl Marx. The English president was George Odger. The presidential addresses of the two men are still extant; and the difference in scope between the large utterance and penetrating social criticism of the Socialist and the paltry string of anti-priest anti-king shibboleths of the English Republican Radical, to whom Shelley's "Queen Mab" and Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" were still the last words of political science, is much more marked than the difference between the speeches of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Labouchere. Marx's only chance of making the International a Socialist organisation instead of a trade union one was to get rid of Odgerism, baby, bath and all. In fact, Republicanism was not, and is not, the baby in the Socialist bath: on the contrary, Socialism has for too long been the baby in all sorts of antiquated baths, the Republican one included, which get emptied from time to time by the brute force of economic development. When the International collapsed, there was no more English Socialism until the Democratic Federation came on the scene. It was, if I recollect aright, at its very first meeting that Mr. Hyndman summarily disposed of a republican amendment by announcing that he would leave the chair, and, by implication, the Federation, if it were carried. Since that time, no English Socialist society has imposed a profession of Republicanism on its members. On the contrary, whilst the old Republicanism, led by Charles Bradlaugh, was opposing Socialism tooth and nail, all our controversial references to the subject took the form of remonstrances with the working classes for straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel; that is, for fussing about the civil list and the salary of the Archbishop of Canterbury whilst hundreds of millions went in unearned income to private persons without a word of protest.

Historically, then, Socialism not only does not imply Republicanism, but is actually its rival and antagonist. It remains true that there are a great many institutions, much cherished by our millions, which would cease to exist if the world became peopled with men of the stamp of those who pioneer social movements. All such pioneers have a common stock of opinions which to the ordinary citizen seem shockingly heterodox.

Consequently all movements at their inception become associated with these heterodoxies. But it soon becomes apparent that if the millions are to be enrolled in the movement, they must not be committed to the heterodoxies of its founders, but only to its one specific doctrine. Republicanism is not the specific doctrine of Socialism. Cosmism as opposed to deism is not the specific doctrine of Socialism. The abolition of marriage is not involved by the specific doctrine of Socialism. Democracy is not the specific doctrine of Socialism. There is nothing to prevent a respectable citizen who utterly abhors all these things, and would cut off his son with a shilling for attending a meeting at which they were advocated, from joining a Socialist society to-morrow. That being so, it seems to me that your reviewer is within his rights, and that Mr. Bax must define his position further. My object in writing this long letter is to provoke him to do so; for Mr. Bax, though one of the most unreasonable and intolerant men in existence, is also one of the most penetrating and suggestive, and seldom more so than when he is defending an apparently hopeless position.

Yours truly,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

THE USES OF CATHEDRALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Winchester, 23 October, 1900.

SIR,—While cordially endorsing your plea for more cathedrals, I venture to put in a claim for a better care of those cathedrals which we already enjoy. Take Winchester, as one among many cases in point. The magnificent fane, replete with lofty national associations, wears a desperate air of habitual neglect. The peaceful old close seems never to be mown or weeded or honoured with any of those simple cares which should be a labour of love to the citizens. Inside, dust and débris accumulate and the custodians seem to have no other care beside the extortion of sixpences from Yankee tourists. You may not stroll anywhere without being pestered to join a peripatetic party and be conducted round at so much a head. I think you will agree with me that great national possessions should be freely open to the visits of churchmen. These would gladly contribute to building or restoration funds, but resent being compelled to pay for the exercise of a right. In any case, whether the contributions be voluntary, compulsory or altogether forbidden, a cathedral should bear evidence of reverent care. But the appearance of Winchester Cathedral has been allowed to degenerate into that of an impoverished museum. No doubt we have been unfortunate in our deans. A Radical agitator has been succeeded by a Roseberyite publicist, who cares neither for seemly services nor for the cleanliness which should accompany godliness in a noble minster. But the Churchmen of the diocese are also to blame for following this Gallio in indifference.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WINTON.

THE U. S. A. AND CHINA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—As the attitude of the United States has been the occasion of some comment, it may be useful to remark that they always affected an attitude of rather exceptional friendliness towards China. Their first Treaty (1844), negotiated à la suite of the hostilities by which we exacted the Treaty of Nanking (1842), is quite effusive in its declaration that "there shall be a perfect, permanent, and universal peace, and a sincere and cordial amity, between the U. S. of America on the one part, and the Ta-Tsing Empire on the other part, and between their people respectively, without exception of persons or places." Their second Treaty (1858), negotiated à la suite of the Anglo-French campaign of 1857-58, declares not only that "there shall be, as there always has been, peace and friendship between the U. S. of America and the Ta-Tsing Empire, and between their people respectively. They shall not insult or oppress each other for any trifling cause so as to produce an estrangement between them;" but adds that "if any other nation should act unjustly or oppressively, the

United States will exert their good offices, on being informed of the case, to bring about an amicable arrangement of the question, thus showing their friendly feelings."

It does not appear that the Chinese have discriminated in favour of American Missions or missionaries during the recent campaign of arson, pillage, massacre and outrage; nor does Mr. Conger appear to think that any exceptional friendship has been shown him. Still, the United States Government has seemed unwilling to depart from its traditions of forbearance, if a settlement can be otherwise attained. Perhaps when details are received at Washington of the treatment experienced by American men and women (among others), in the interior, during the recent explosion of savagery, a sterner feeling may prevail.

Yours truly,

A. SINENSIS.

"RABELAIS AND STERNE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Apropos of Rabelais and Sterne will you allow me to quote a passage from T. E. Brown, whose letters are so oddly and pathetically taking the world by storm now that he is out of reach of our applause? "Big broad Rabelaisians may sit down with us in our more liberal hours, but Sterne never! I have an idea that my judgment within this area is infallible. There are nice Rabelaisians and there are nasty; but the latter are not Rabelaisians." This judgment conflicts with that of your critic, but, right or wrong, it is of interest to note the opinion of a writer so well-read, so sensitive, so acute. In fact I write these few lines mostly because I conceive it to be a public benefaction to advertise as widely as possible the enchanting qualities of T. E. B. I am, &c.

A. N.

"THE CUPID OF MICHEL ANGELO."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Florence, 23 October, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me to state that the doubt which I expressed in an article which appeared in your issue of 25 August last, as to the authorship of the so-called "Cupid of Michel Angelo" in the South Kensington Museum, had, it seems, been already expressed by Mr. Charles Loeser. As I hear that Mr. Loeser has for some time past been engaged on a study of this statue and the lost San Giovannino, it is only due to him to state this.—I am, Sir, yours very truly,

HERBERT P. HORNE.

THE LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dorney Wood, Burnham, Bucks.

SIR,—Will you allow me to make an appeal through your columns to owners of autograph letters of Horace Walpole? Having undertaken to prepare for the Clarendon Press a new edition of the "Letters of Horace Walpole" I shall be greatly obliged if owners of original letters, whether already printed or not, would kindly communicate with me, in order that the new edition may be made as complete and correct as possible. Many of the letters as hitherto printed are either fragmentary or disfigured by misreadings, and it is desirable that they should be corrected by collation with the originals. Nearly two hundred letters which are not included in current editions have already been collected from various sources, and it is probable that there are many others in private hands which have not yet been traced. Any letters entrusted to me would be treated with scrupulous care, and returned to their owners as promptly as possible. To those who are unable to lend the originals, I should be grateful for careful copies. All obligations of this nature would, of course, be duly acknowledged in the preface. It is expected that the new edition, which will be provided with a full index, will be completed in ten or eleven octavo volumes.

I am, Sir, &c.

HELEN TOYNBEE.

REVIEWS.

CROMWELL IN HIS TRUE PROPORTIONS.

"Oliver Cromwell." By John Morley. London: Macmillan. 1900. 10s. net.

"Oliver Cromwell." By Charles H. Firth. Heroes of the Nations. London: Putnams. 1900. 5s.

"Oliver Cromwell." By Theodore Roosevelt. London: Constable. 1900. 10s. 6d. net.

WE are far from approaching these very serious books on Cromwell with levity, but our first thought on reading the conclusion of Mr. Morley's and Mr. Firth's works was: How fortunate for Lord Rosebery, for the Cromwell Tercentenarians, and the Cromwell Statuarians, that at any rate Mr. Morley had not yet published his biography. To persons hot with enthusiasm from reading "Heroes and Hero-Worship" for the occasion, Lord Rosebery's indiscriminating panegyrics were cleverly adapted and admirably suited; political and religious prejudices were tenderly nursed and "Liberal Imperialism" given a push forward under the patronage of Oliver Cromwell and the management of Lord Rosebery. The Tercentenary address was the latest instance of the discussion of the great Puritan General and Dictator in the form of rhapsody. That form was already antiquated for Carlyle, the prince of rhapsodists, had for some time been looked on with suspicion by "heroic researchers" as Mr. Morley calls Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Firth, and unprejudiced people were prepared to class the Cromwell rhapsodies with the similar rhapsodies over the French Revolution which may be poetry, or drama, or prose-poetry, or anything you choose except history. This form of rhapsody we may expect to become obsolete amongst the educated, after the critical and dispassionate treatment of Cromwell by the philosophical Radical, and the careful narrative of the historical scholar. The appearance of the two books so near together is a fortunate combination and coincidence: they supplement each other to a nicety. Mr. Firth's account of Oliver's life, and the political and military events of his period, is the fuller, and its chief value lies in the significance of its facts as facts, and the absence of the unhistoric rubbish that had accumulated whether deposited by party hatred or party adulation. Whatever is known Mr. Firth tells in quite sufficient detail for the ordinary educated reader, and possibly what is now known will remain essentially all that we can know about the events and persons of a period whose obscurity is due less to the remoteness of time than to the transformations of scene occurring with such bewildering rapidity, and to the monstrous and incalculable motives that animated the actors.

We may mention two important facts in Cromwell's life still obscure. One is the date when he embraced independent views of Church organisation. Mr. Morley says this does not matter; but it would be interesting to know. He had signed the Covenant in 1644. In the absence of definite information we have Mr. Morley's statement that his independency was not founded on a "reasoned attachment to the ideal of a free or congregational church;" with the addition that "When his policy of war yet hung in the balance it was the independents who by their action, views, and temper created his opportunity." If that is all that can be said for Cromwell's independency, it seems to us that it considerably affects the relation of Cromwell to the Free Churches. This is one of the many cold douches that Mr. Morley administers to the enthusiasms of those who see in Cromwell their great representative. The other obscure fact we referred to is the part Cromwell played in the preliminary intrigues and decisions that led to the execution of the King. This was not by any means the only occasion when he reaped a harvest which if it had been sowed by him had been sowed in the night when men slept. These obscurities however surround only the earlier stages of the transactions with which Cromwell was subsequently identified as the chief actor. Whether he had subtly prepared the way for events of which he afterwards took advantage, is often a matter which cannot be decisively settled. Beyond that point doubt ceases: for Cromwell never attempted to evade

his share of responsibility in any of the successive stages of the Revolution.

The facts then are sufficiently clear for a fair judgment. Mr. Morley's narrative is substantially the same as Mr. Firth's; but it is sketched more broadly and with much less detail, especially as to the battles, which he seems glad to get rid of as quickly as he may; for he heartily hates villainous saltpetre, and can forgive almost anything in revolutions but the fighting. Mr. Morley's interest is in "views," and we shall be content to follow them. He discusses with his well-known literary felicity and severe impartiality the political and ecclesiastical issues between Charles and the Long Parliament, and the personages on both sides whose names represent the everlasting conflict between authority and freedom. We expect him to assume that Puritanism was the better cause, and that whatever sympathy and consideration may be felt for the Royalist position yet "right reason" must give a verdict for the cause which represented a revolt against mediævalism. The question remains eternally open. But at least no self-respecting writer now writes of the Royalists as so many have done in the spirit of a Desborough, or Harrison, or Lilburne. A correcter view of Cromwell has involved a correcter view of Royalism; and as Mr. Morley says "Just as the historic school has come to an end that dispatched Oliver Cromwell as a hypocrite, so we are escaping from the other school that dismissed Charles as a tyrant, Laud as a driveller and a bigot, and Wentworth as an apostate." Whether right or wrong the Puritans were victorious in the field; and the really important question is, what use did they make of their victory which was due to the military genius of Cromwell.

Here we come upon the main thesis of Mr. Morley: that so far from Cromwell riding the whirlwind and directing the storm, he was driven from position to position in spite of himself; and his statesmanship consisted mainly in accepting each position as it arose, and keeping himself at the head of affairs. He is the grand example of the constant fact that in politics, and especially in revolutions, the successful leader is the great opportunist who constantly gives way, and instead of moulding others to his own purposes is moulded by them to their own. Oliver, who all through was groping for some settlement that would provide a government which the main body of the people would accept, found himself utterly thwarted and reduced merely to the position, as he said himself, of a parish constable keeping the peace. The army was his master as it was the nation's master. But the nation would neither accept the mutilated parliaments nor the army; and a real appeal to the country would have meant the ruin of the Good Cause, and it was therefore never allowed. It is pitiful to see the great soldier blundering helplessly along, the slave of the army he had created, and compelled by it to destroy whatever remained of the semblance of parliamentary government. Mr. Morley in treating of the "Take away this Bauble" episode well describes the dilemma in which the Revolution had landed itself and its originators. If Cromwell was justified in breaking up the Rump Parliament, then Hyde and Stafford were right, when they said that the classes represented by it were really incompetent to take that supreme share in preserving the country, for which Pym and his generation of reformers had so manfully contended. Further Cromwell committed, says Mr. Morley in an aside which seems taken from a certain other "Life" with which he is engaged, that which in modern politics is counted the inexpiable sin of breaking up his party—the only party that could save him from absolute militarism. He asks what was Cromwell's policy, what foundations had he left himself to build on; what was his calculation, or had he no calculation of forces, circumstances, individuals, for the step that was to come next? Was he in truth as improvident as King Charles had been when he too marched down the same floor eleven years before? The inference from these questions is obvious, especially when it is suggested by the quotation from Cardinal Retz that Cromwell was a simpleton. From 1653 to 1659 Cromwell accepted, or set up, six different Constitutions, all of them either political absurdities, as that called the Reign of the Saints, or only capable of working for a few months

with a packed or a purged legislature. Every effort at parliamentary government failed. Each Constitution was a mere tyranny: there was not a single legislative social or religious proposal that was not absolutely fruitless or utterly absurd. Cromwell grasped at everything by turns in despair. He threw himself into semi-insane raptures over the inception of each one, and could work none of them. Either he simulated an approval of proposals he did not feel, and if he did no hypocrisy could be more repulsive; or he believed what he said, and there needs no further proof of the justness of Cardinal Retz' opinion. The Revolution came round to the point from which it started. Cromwell governed on Charles' and Wentworth's principles, and only succeeded in keeping his place by having the command of a standing army which Charles had never possessed. The doctrine of toleration had resulted in the dominance of independency—a small minority of the nation—and the loss of civil and religious rights for Episcopalians—the great majority. In short the revolution was at least half a century too soon, and that is its greatest condemnation. It is impossible, says Mr. Morley, to rank Cromwell high in the scale of constructive statesmen, and he shows that Cromwell constructed nothing that lasted or could last. We are inclined to regard this, as due not so much to a defect of Cromwell's own intellect, as to the Revolution having been "rushed." Mediævalism was not at an end: authority was still with the mystic powers of kingship and the Church: apart from them there was no authority yet possible but the sword, and that could only destroy not reconstruct. Perhaps Mr. Morley, in his unwillingness to retract a jot of his admiration for the original authors of the Revolution, is even too impatient with the man who had to make the best of it in its later stages.

Mr. Morley's estimate of Cromwell's external policy is as depreciatory as his estimate of him as a statesman in home politics. We know what Mr. Morley means when he asks, was Cromwell's foreign policy one of those statesman's illusions of which history records so many? The alliance with France, and the policy of making England the representative of the Protestant interest, was according to Mr. Morley an illusion, and herein he differs from Mr. Firth. If Cromwell had lived twenty years longer Mr. Morley believes he would have been faced by a combination of European Powers. What went beyond purely national aims and was his own, grafted on to the general policy of the Commonwealth, was of questionable service either to the State or to the cause. Cromwell had personal glory by it but the State little profit. And so of colonial policy. Mr. Morley doles out praise with a niggardly hand. "The future growth of vast West Indian interests, of which the seizure of Jamaica was the initial step, has made it possible to depict Cromwell as the conscious author of a broad system of colonial expansion. What is undoubtedly true is that such ideas were then alive. Nor had the famous traditions of the Elizabethans ever died. . . . Cromwell's colonial policy was that of his predecessors, as it was that of the statesmen who followed him." And thus Mr. Morley goes on, mournfully whittling away the figure of Cromwell, until little remains of the statesman, of the mythical champion of liberty in Church and State, or of the Imperialist, Liberal or otherwise, of Lord Rosebery's imagination. It is the truth told by the disillusioned "Parliament" man, who sees all his ideals destroyed in the chaos of a fruitless Revolution, but still repeats to himself "It was good that the mediæval authority of Royalty should have been there and then attacked." Mr. Morley's own masterly study of the career of Cromwell furnishes the most powerful argument even against that last remaining illusion.

THE SOMALIS.

"Seventeen Trips through Somaliland and a Visit to Abyssinia." By Major Swayne. London: Rowland Ward. 1900. 7s. 6d.

MAJOR SWAYNE has been well advised in producing a revised and cheaper edition of his excellent work now that the subject of it is attracting a certain

attention. There are few books of travel that we have read with greater interest and we may congratulate him upon the rare gifts of selection and reticence. Not only does he discern instinctively what will interest the average reader but he contrives to avoid the many pitfalls of boredom and superfluity, which too often beset the recording traveller. He is even entertaining when he chronicles his game-bags, a feat which alone entitles his authorship to respect.

He has not quite the picturesqueness of Burton, but his portraiture of the Somalis is a far better likeness, doing ample justice to all the engaging traits of those bright particular blacks. A recent writer has dubbed them the Irish of Africa and Major Swayne bears out the suggestion: "The Somali has a many-sided character. He is generally a good camelman, a cheerful camp-follower, a trustworthy, loyal and attentive soldier; proud of the confidence reposed in him, quick to learn new things, and wonderfully bright and intelligent. He is untiring on the march, often a reckless hunter, and will stand by his master splendidly. I know of one Somali who, to save his English master, hit a lion over the head with the butt of his rifle; and quite lately, under similar circumstances, another Somali caught hold of a lion by the jaws. Occasionally, however, he relapses into a state of original sin . . . and he can be disrespectful, mutinous and sulky. He is inordinately vain, and will walk off into the jungle and make his way home to the coast, leaving two months' back pay and rations behind him, if he considers his lordly dignity insulted." He has also an extraordinarily acute sense of humour and a tendency to regard murder as a sport. The degree of his reputation with his fellows is measured by the number of human males he has slain and he considers it equally glorious to spear an offending traveller in the back as to slay an enemy in open fight. He has even been known to kill a defenceless woman in the hope that her unborn offspring may prove a male and thereby add to his score. Yet, like the Irishman, he is wonderfully amenable to discipline and affords excellent fighting material, which the Somali Coast authorities are utilising to some purpose.

Major Swayne accompanied the Rennell-Rodd Mission to Menelik and his brief narrative of his experiences affords an interesting supplement to Count Gleichen's book. Our author feels constrained to speak guardedly, but he contrives to expose the reality of Somali grievances in the matter of British neglect. Both Harrar and Somaliland should have continued under Egyptian, which is to say British, rule after the occupation of Egypt. But first Harrar was abandoned to the Abyssinians, then the unarmed Somalis were suffered to be harried by their new neighbours, and finally, by the Rennell-Rodd treaty, the greater part of Somaliland was tamely handed over to Menelik. Major Swayne glosses over the shame of this betrayal, but he seems to admit that it was induced by previous remissness on the part of our Government: "As the British had taken the coast over from Egypt in 1884, they should either have protected the hinterland tribes, or at least have allowed the importation of firearms so that they could protect themselves. While the Somalis could not get even a single Tower musket through our ports, their neighbours the Abyssinians were freely importing breech-loading rifles in a constant stream through the French port of Jibuti." This question of the supply of arms to natives is a very serious one, and admits of much argument on both sides. There is a distinct understanding among civilised nations that anyone who provides blacks with rifles is "a bad European," and the very lucrative trade is accordingly almost as shady as that in black ivory. But the Abyssinians have been clever enough to secure acceptance as a civilised nation, and there is room for cynical comment upon their possession of a privilege which is denied to other blacks in many ways superior to them. The French are great offenders in this matter of international morality, but in the long run they will suffer as much as other nations by their indiscretion. If the Somalis are disciplined, they may be trusted with arms as well as Indians, and this is being proved in the strip of Somaliland which still remains to us. But enormous patience and astute diplomacy must be

brought to bear before Great Britain can recover her lost ground in East Africa.

Somaliland remains the sportsman's paradise, and Major Swayne's book affords an agreeable guide for those who are tempted thither. His hints on the equipment of an expedition, his notes upon the game to be found there, his own experience on his "seventeen trips" are all as instructive as they are interesting. Our only criticism is directed towards the poverty of his illustrations, which fail hopelessly to elucidate his very agreeable narrative.

FOUR NEW NOVELS.

"The Isle of Unrest." By H. Seton Merriman. London: Smith, Elder. 1900. 6s.

In this story of Corsican vendetta Mr. Merriman shows all his old skill in constructing a plot, and telling a story tersely, clearly and effectively. He has a graphic style, and the interest of the reader never flags as he follows the story of the family feud between the houses of Perucca and de Vasselot, to its happy ending in the marriage of Denise Lange and Count Lory de Vasselot. But unfortunately Mr. Merriman is not content with telling a story, he burns to impart his philosophy of life, he loves to be didactic and oracular, for there is no subject on which he has not conclusively made up his mind. He seldom leaves his reader to form an independent judgment of any character and situation, but hastens forward with an epigram or a platitude to describe the one or point the moral of the other. Mr. Merriman is nothing if not smart. "That crowning effort of philanthropic folly, the statute holiday" is doubtless very fine and "the untidy little man in the red trousers who has in his time over-run all Europe" is possibly a brilliantly humorous summing up of the French army. And Mr. Merriman must be a bit cynical as well. "Politics represented for him, as they do for most wise men, an after-breakfast interest and an edifying study of the careers of a certain number of persons who mean to make themselves a name in the easiest arena open to ambition." Mr. Merriman's enthusiasm is reserved for the soldier and the sportsman. Who is not tired of his still strong man who goes to Africa to kill big game? Count Lory de Vasselot is a French soldier of the best type and he is well drawn, but even he is not considered complete without that final evidence of manliness; so we are confidentially informed that "he had hunted in England, fished in Norway, and in the winter of 1869 he went to Africa for big game"! No further testimonial is needed.

"Tommy and Grizel." By J. M. Barrie. London: Cassell. 1900. 6s.

It is a curious fact that authors are seldom convincing characters in a story. We can believe in journalists like Penderennis, but the imagination generally refuses to accept genius when postulated by its creator for a figure in a romance. Mr. Barrie's Tommy is hardly an exception. In his boyhood he was irritatingly like Tom Sawyer. In his manhood he is, on the literary side, like nothing that one can conceive as possible to-day. Would a raw unknown youth burst into fame by a volume of "Letters to a Young Man about to be Married"? However, for the purposes of the story Tommy must be a successful author, and successful in life he is, though his works do not long survive him. As a human being he is very interesting. Mr. Barrie develops a power of ruthless analysis that is almost uncanny in his treatment of what some people call the "artistic temperament." Tommy moves in a sphere which mere literature can hardly interpret. Over against him stands Grizel. As the tragedy of a woman's life this book is almost supreme. Unhappily Mr. Barrie cannot live upon the mountain-heights: he must follow Tommy into "Society." Perhaps in another life we shall know whence some of our novel-writers got their ideas about men and women of good position: it is a mystery hardly to be solved in this world. If only this story had assumed that London, except as a place where people earn fame by writing

books, did not exist: if only the taint of the penny society paper did not penetrate to Thrums!

"Tongues of Conscience." By Robert Hichens. London: Methuen. 1900. 6s.

Mr. Hichens is quite unmoved by periods of national excitement; he goes on working with admirable care at hot-house studies of morbid emotions: his stories have a faded aroma of sentimentality gone bad. The conscientiousness of the workmanship we gladly acknowledge. If a man prefers pathology to psychology, this is a free country: let him read Mr. Hichens. If he disdains the tragedy of life lived in the free air, the defeat of gallant endeavour, the misery of bereavement, let him follow Mr. Hichens into the borderland of insanity and there seek to garner terror, for pity he will hardly find. One story in this book, "William Foster," painful as it is, treats with some success of actual human emotions. For the rest—they are painstaking and morbid, but they do not stir the reader. A brave show of horrible masks, but nothing behind. And does Mr. Hichens really believe that fishermen entice salmon to come within their nets?

"The Image Breakers." By Gertrude Dix. London: Heinemann. 1900. 6s.

Once more we sigh over the hysterical woman, who leaves a sheltered home in order to preach socialism to unheeding ears. So thorough is her self-deception, that she never perceives that she is blindly following the Socialist, Justin Ferrars, for his own sake, and not for his doctrines: and though she falls into grievous sin herself, and is answerable for a bad state of morals in her only woman-friend, she wearily keeps up the pretence of a noble life lived for others. Justin Ferrars is a windbag. Are we not a little disgusted with and tired of stories of girls who are too pure to wear wedding-rings? Chapters of this novel are taken up in describing the efforts of an ordinary, nice-minded man to persuade the girl, who is his wife in everything but name, to marry him.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"European Settlements in the Far East." London: Sampson Low. 1900. 6s.

"Half-Hours in Japan." By the Rev. Herbert Moore. London: Unwin. 1900. 6s.

With the first of these works the one thing to be regretted is that the inset map is not more accurate, particularly as regards the coast-line of Pechili Gulf and of the Malay Peninsula. Johore is wrongly placed, and so are Taku and Pei-tai-ho. In other respects the book is serviceable, and its appearance timely. The illustrations, taken from actual photographs, are unusually acceptable for they are good and for the most part new. In addition to very readable accounts of progress in China, Japan, and the Straits Settlements, respecting which we have in recent years learned much, the author supplies useful information concerning less-known French settlements in Indo-China, the Dutch possessions in Netherlands India, and the Philippines Archipelago and Borneo. In fact the compiler of this handy volume has taken infinite pains, and has done his work well. As to "Half-Hours in Japan," there are several discrepancies that should have been avoided. Mr. Moore states positively, for example, that "Kyoto" signifies "Western Capital." The word really is translatable as "Imperial City," and it was because it ceased in 1869 to be the Emperor's place of residence, on his removal to Yedo, that its name was altered to Saikio (lit. Western Capital), at the same time that Yedo was renamed Tokio, i.e. Eastern Capital. Though its appellation was thus officially changed, however, the Western City is still commonly known as Kioto. Again, the Heir-Apparent is not Prince "Haru" but Yoshi-hito. Haru is feminine, and is the name borne by the Empress. In a general way, however, Mr. Moore has done some service in handling minor topics of interest which are not usually touched upon by writers on Japan.

"Home Defence with Special Reference to the Volunteer Force." By an Old Adjutant. London: Blackwood. 1900. 1s. 6d.

"Volunteer Soldiers." By Captain Hale. London: Kegan Paul. 1900. 1s.

Captain Hale's work may be dismissed in a few words. It is a commonplace and not too accurate collection by a Volunteer officer of details known to most of us strung together in somewhat indifferent English. "An Old Adjutant," however, provides considerable food for thought. Not that any startling

new theories are advanced. But the plain issues of how we stand in the matter of home defence are clearly set forth. Much requires doing before our Volunteers—or indeed any of our auxiliary forces—can in any way be considered fit to meet regular forces. The circumstances in South Africa have been exceptional. It was a war against undisciplined irregulars, and it has afforded us exceptional opportunities of utilising our auxiliary forces with effect. Moreover, it must be remembered that only picked Volunteers were sent out, and it would have said little for the force in general if it could not have produced so small a proportion of useful soldiers. The great problem is how to increase the military efficiency of the Volunteers without reducing their numbers. "An Old Adjutant" contends that a mild form of compulsory Militia service would go far towards effecting this object, and the plan has much to recommend it. For to become an "efficient" in the Volunteers could exempt a man from serving in the Militia. But the standard of efficiency would have to be raised considerably, and a tighter form of discipline introduced into the force. In any case Volunteers on all parades at least should be subject to military law.

"The Flora of Bournemouth." By E. F. Linton. Bournemouth: Commin. 1900. 8s. 6d. net.

Bournemouth itself is not at all favoured in its flora. All seaside places suffer from an obvious limitation of their radius, while here the immediate neighbourhood inland also, consisting as it does of heath and pine-woods, is of the very kind that offers least variety. By taking a radius of twelve miles, however, as is done in this book, a district of really considerable variety is embraced, including as it does the least over-run part of the New Forest, the lower reaches and estuary of the Avon, the very interesting marsh meadows about Wareham and Corfe Castle, and the quite exceptional Isle of Purbeck. For the order of genera and species Mr. Linton has followed the ninth edition of the London Catalogue, and also for nomenclature, but in the latter, he remarks, "not with perfect acquiescence, but for the convenience of the many botanists who constantly use it." The map, which is only of three miles to the inch, is clear for so small a scale, but would have been better if coloured, especially by the geological divisions. The type is good, and the sign-marks generally clear, except in the very odd choice of a note of exclamation (!) to indicate that a plant has come under Mr. Linton's own observation, which gives the impression of his being in a perpetual state of amazement at his own discoveries. But the book will be a pleasant companion to any Bournemouth visitors of botanical tendencies.

The current issue of the "Quarterly Chronicle of the Church Reform League" has two articles on the subject of autonomy in the Church, the one by a layman advocating the communicant franchise, the other by a clergy taking the laxer view. These articles cannot be called satisfactory, but they are worth reading by all who would seriously face a question which is equally urgent and difficult.

THE QUARTERLIES.

It is the custom of special reviews like the "Church Quarterly" and the "Law Quarterly" to accord what we suppose must be called "relief," in the shape of general articles that might have appeared equally well in the "Edinburgh" or the "Quarterly." Occasionally the general review returns the compliment. Thus, while the "Church Quarterly" alternates articles on "Recent New Testament Commentaries" and "Ritschlianism and Church Doctrine" with estimates of William Morris and Mr. Lecky's "Map of Life," and while the "Law Quarterly" discusses "The Theory of Judicial Precedents" side by side with "The Forms of Political Union," the "Quarterly" is introduced by a wholly special illustrated scientific article on "Malaria and the Mosquito." The passages in the paper which are comprehensible by the general reader will intensify the sense of gratitude felt by all who have followed the process, for men like Major Ross, who have, after years of patient investigation, so to speak proved the mosquito guilty of propagating the malaria bacillus. The reviewer has some hope that the destruction of the mosquito, at any rate in neighbourhoods inhabited by man, may not prove an impossibility. It is at least worth attempting, and if the mature insect cannot be destroyed, the larva may. "The extinction of malaria in England," says the "Quarterly," "is a kind of by-product of the draining operations which restored to the agriculturist large tracts of land in the fen districts and elsewhere. The breeding-places of the mosquitoes were dried up and their numbers materially lessened; at the same time the parasite was killed in an increasing number of patients. Thus the mosquitoes which survived had fewer opportunities of infecting themselves, and as time went on the parasite was ultimately eliminated. *Anopheles*, though in diminished numbers, is still with us, and is especially to be found in those parts of England once infested with the malaria; but the parasite has disappeared. What has been done in England can be attempted elsewhere."

The "Edinburgh" and the "Quarterly" both discuss the South African and Chinese questions and the General Election. The "Edinburgh" is a little less speculative and philosophical in some respects than the "Quarterly" and gives rather a larger supply of facts. It reviews the war in South Africa and the complications in China in considerable detail. Its criticisms on our army system are peculiarly trenchant. If we have a von Moltke among us, says the writer, "it is certain that he will live and die in obscurity. Our system has no place for him; he could not fulfil any of the conditions necessary to bring his genius before the army and the public. The successful leader of some petty expedition against savages would soar over his head." The "Quarterly" concerns itself with the future of South Africa, and urges consideration of the suggestion whether it would not be wise to make South African federation synchronise with the conferment of self government on the conquered States. The way might be prepared, during the time they remain Crown Colonies, by conferences between the different colonies on the lines of those which preceded Australian federation. Neither of the Reviews in treating of the Chinese question seems to have been in any way prepared for the Anglo-German Agreement. Both indeed assume more or less definitely that Germany will be no party to any policy which stands in the way of ultimate partition. The "Edinburgh" statement of the recent course of events will assist a better understanding of the position in the Far East. These articles may usefully be studied together with Mr. E. H. Parker's in the "Asiatic Quarterly." Mr. Parker thinks that if Great Britain were allowed to act alone, or British principles were allowed to prevail, a generation would suffice to make of China what has

(Continued on page 526.)

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been made of Burma or Egypt. The view taken of the General Election is, inevitably, that it has been a great triumph for Mr. Chamberlain, but in the "Edinburgh" as in the "Quarterly" regret is felt that Mr. Chamberlain should have replied to the attacks of unscrupulous enemies by an imitation of their excesses.

A very able article on "Recent Political Theory and Practice" in the "Quarterly," not only shows how the arrival of democracy has disappointed the expectations alike of friends and foes, but seeks to determine the kind of men democracy has brought to the top. The Review's opinion seems to be summed up in the following lines: "Political power, it seems clear, gravitates no matter under what institutions, into the hands of those who exercise social power; and social power, in a modern industrial state is concentrated, to a degree never known before in the hands of the rich. The thrusting aside of the aristocracy has made room for a new plutocracy; and it is wealth that rules the modern world." Another paper excellent in every sense of the word is that in the "Edinburgh" on "The Roman Conquest of Gaul." It will be read with all the more interest for the comparison or rather contrast it may suggest between the methods of Cæsar in Gaul and of Lord Roberts in South Africa. Cæsar had conditions to deal with after he had conquered Gaul pretty much the same as those Lord Roberts is facing now, and we all know the ruthless manner in which he disposed of treachery and disloyalty. "The real organiser of Gaul," says the reviewer, "was not Cæsar but his adopted son and heir Augustus." Augustus wisely left the Gauls free from the vexatious interference of officials and he gave their nobles back some shadow of their old political power. No friction generated an anti-Roman sentiment among the Gauls, and the inevitable powers of Roman civilisation and culture asserted itself upon them." Of two literary articles which deserve more than the passing mention we can give them here one is on Byron in the "Edinburgh," the other on Charles Lamb in the "Quarterly."

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

Nearly all the Italian books which have been sent us for review during the past two months emanate from that most indefatigable and enterprising of Italian publishers, Signor Ulrico Hoepli, of Milan. "In labore virtus et vita" is his motto, and there is certainly no question about the amount of work he does. We cannot say whether publishing in Italy is a satisfactory business, seeing the apathetic attitude of the majority of Italians towards literature, but we can say that in the course of a thirty years' active publishing existence, Signor Hoepli has earned the goodwill and gratitude not merely of every Italian scholar, but of every man in the Peninsula who loves the inside and the outside of a book.

We have in the first place to thank him for a princely édition-de-luxe in quarto of the *Promessi Sposi* (lire 50). It is edited by Professor Alfonso Cerquetti, the biography of Manzoni which precedes it, is by the well-known Milanese architect, Luca Beltrami, and the 278 illustrations and thirteen heliotype plates are by the Ferrarese painter Gaetano Previati. Paper, print, and the stout vellum binding, are excellent: we confess to a feeling of disappointment in the illustrations, rendered all the more pronounced by our having previously heard overmuch praise of them: they are impressionist, but do not, to our mind, convey true impressions of the seventeenth century, nor the fulness of its flavour.

Yet another splendidly got-up book is the second edition of *La Spedizione di S.A.R. il Duca degli Abruzzi al Monte Sant'Elia, Alaska* by Dr. Filippo de' Filippi (lire 25). It needs no praise here, for has not the first edition had a most favourable reception among us in an English dress? Now that the plucky young Duke has come home from his Polar expedition covered with undeniable honour and glory, this second edition should prove a very timely publication. The proceeds of the sale of it go to benefit the Italian Alpine guides. We, therefore, all the more readily find room for a notice of the book.

Sette Anni di Caccia Grossa by Count Felice Scheibler (Lire 14) is a stout volume excellently illustrated, and containing many incidents of interest relating to big game shooting in four continents. The book is a little theatrical in tone, and attitudes are incongruous with sport, but this in no way detracts from the interest and value of the author's many intrepid and remarkable feats.

We have also received four further additions to the Hoepli Manuals: the fourth edition, rearranged and much improved, of the *Letteratura Italiana* by Signori Fenini and Ferrari (lire 1.50), and a wonderfully complete and systematic guide to the collection of old arms and armour, *Guida del Raccoglitore e dell'Amatore di Armi Antiche* by Jacopo Gelli (lire 6.50). There is a full alphabetical dictionary of technical terms, a dictionary of foreign terms with Italian equivalents, excellent illustrated tables of marks, a list of the names, marks, monograms and initials of famous armourers, sword-makers, and makers of arquebuses; and much other kindred information. There are no less than 432 designs in the book, and 22 tables. The two other Manuals are the second edition of the *Manuale del Marino Militare e Mercantile* by the late Admiral Carlo

de Amezaga (lire 5.00), and a complement to the same *Le Flotte Moderne 1896-1900* by Eugenio Bucci (lire 5.00). The former is a capital and very full man-of-war's man's handbook with chapters on armament, the application of electricity in the service, submarine projectiles and navigation, and a chapter most welcome to the landsman, on international maritime law and etiquette. An appendix gives particulars after the manner of Lord Brassey's "Naval Annual" and Mr. Laird Clowes' "Naval Pocket Book," of the fleets of the six European great powers. Signor Bucci's complementary manual adds the fleets of other countries, and gives particulars of the vessels-of-war launched by the great powers since 1896 as also of vessels laid down in 1900. We call most particular attention to the very full details of recent Italian warships given on pp. 19-41. Admiral de Amezaga tells us in the preface that his object has been, in conjunction with Signor Bucci, to produce a Naval Manual which should make his countrymen independent of foreign sources of information, and he may be said to have fully succeeded in his patriotic endeavour.

We would fain linger, were it possible, over yet another of Signor Hoepli's recent publications *L'Italia in Casa e Fuori* by Captain Giovanni Roncagli, R.I.N., Secretary to the Italian Geographical Society (lire 4.50). It is merely a statistical work relating to Italy and her colonial possessions, illustrated by twenty coloured tables divided into fifty-six maps and plans, and supplemented by a full index. But we venture to think that a compilation such as this—a kind of compilation, by the way, in which Italians excel—will give the intelligent reader a far better idea of Italy than all the bulky and wordy sociological generalisations of a Professore Tizio, a Dottor Caio, or a Senatore Sempronio. From it we learn, without a word of intermediary reflection or deduction, that there are 38,000 Jews in Italy and 62,000 Protestants (Evangelicals they are styled); that there are 69 Provinces, 8,254 Communes and 508 electoral colleges in the kingdom; that the National Debt is 12,289,284,603 lire, and the debts of the Provinces and Communes 1,355,083,788 lire; that there are 21 universities in Italy with 21,955 students; that the mines are 803, the miners working in them 50,172, the output of minerals being valued at 55,900,327 lire; that the imports into the kingdom have a value of 1,183,514,225 lire, and the exports 1,072,014,483 lire; that there are 6,002 sailing ships and 351 steam ships in the Italian mercantile marine, and 349 vessels in the Italian Navy; that there are 38,839 officers and 3,364,605 men in the Italian Army; that—but we have said enough to show how valuable and interesting are the tables of this compilation. Our hope is that it may be translated into English so that every Englishman may be able to see for himself in a handy form what is the wealth, strength, activity, administration and essential position of the modern kingdom of Italy.

Sul Meriggio: Romanzo. By Gian della Quercia. Milan: Treves. 1900. Lire 4.

It is being freely said in the Italian press that the author of this novel is an Englishman. It may be so. The book has a certain quality of interest and excitement frequent in the English, but too often painfully lacking in the Italian novelist. Moreover there is real knowledge of English life, though, making all allowance for the decline of manners among certain English gentlefolk, we doubt if a young elegant might have been seen on the lounge of a fashionable club cutting his nails with a penknife, and regarding the results of his handiwork with obvious satisfaction (page 9). If the author is an Englishman it is easy to understand why he writes in Italian. His plot hinges upon a subject for which healthy-minded Englishmen have no liking even in a "psychological" dress. It is the unsavoury subject of d'Annunzio's "Città Morta" upon which we recently animadverted in plain terms. Brother and sister act in ignorance, and are properly horrified when the truth comes out. They console themselves by reflecting that their ignorance makes them innocent, but be it noted that the sister is a married woman, and it has never occurred to either of them that the seventh commandment cannot be broken and innocence remain. This is so characteristically Italian a touch, that we again begin to doubt whether Gian della Quercia can be an Englishman. The author has considerable talent and a good idea of construction, but the subject of his book leaves us no choice but to condemn it unequivocally.

"New English and Italian Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary." By J. Millhouse and F. Bracciforti. Milan: Bracciforti. 2 vols. Lire 12.

We gladly call the attention of our readers to the eighth edition of Millhouse's English-Italian and Italian-English Dictionary "with many new additions." The original Millhouse dictionary was a very unsatisfactory performance, and the edition before us is a decided advance in the right direction. It is not yet, however, the extensive idiomatic and well-ordered English-Italian dictionary the want of which has been felt for so many years. The Spanish language has received far more attention from lexicographers. True Spanish is far more studied by Englishmen than Italian, on account of our extensive commercial relations with Spanish-speaking countries. But the dignity of the Tuscan tongue, and its noble literature,

require that Englishmen should have the advantage of an elaborate and voluminous English-Italian dictionary, and we exhort Signor Bracciforti to dedicate himself to this work with the assistance of a competent English collaborator. Why has "voi" been used in the examples of this dictionary? Why unnecessarily perplex the poor beginner? "Voi" is practically not used in Tuscan parlance, and the Englishman would be learning to speak if all the examples in his dictionary were in "lei." We cannot of course pretend to have examined every word in this dictionary, but chance references have revealed a certain want of idiomatic nicety in the rendering of words and phrases. Nevertheless until Signor Bracciforti produces the work of which we stand in need, English students cannot do better than possess themselves of the present volumes.

I Figli della Gloria. By Adolfo Padovan. Milan: Hoepli. 1901 (sic). Lire 4.00.

There is a strong element of excitement in this book, and a somewhat high pitched note of adulation of everybody and everything. With a naïveté which is quite delightful and which has our entire sympathy, the author in his preface excuses his emotion on the ground that he is in the early stages of married love and is shortly expecting an important domestic event. This would disarm our criticism were we not so completely the slaves of duty. And so reluctantly we feel bound to state that the author's excitement is not easily likely to excite anybody else, nor will his note of adulation impress the wary reader. He considers the sons of glory as poet, musician, artist, philosopher and so forth. The book is dominated by the expected and the usual. We have the usual remarks about Dante, and we are weary of them. We have the usual estimate of Beethoven who includes all the qualities of those who went before him—Handel, Bach—and all the virtues of those who came after him—Chopin, Mendelssohn. Michael Angelo is the writer's artist: he favours us with the remarks about him which we expected, and he revels in the big, the nude, the muscular, of his type, and delights in his absence of gradations. Socrates is his type of a philosopher, and a very good type too, did not the "usual" crop up so frequently. There is an objectionable parallel between the philosopher and the Founder of Christianity—even that is no longer unusual—but the account of Socrates' last moments is sympathetic and well done. We cannot quite commend the book, but it is impossible not to like the author, and all the while that we are reading his well-meant pages, we find ourselves reverting to the delightful confidences of his preface, and hoping that domestic events will enable him to write his next book in a calmer frame of mind.

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ENGLISH RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT.

Daily inquiries reach us as to the dates on which the various articles in the above series appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW. We therefore append the list:—

- I.—18 Aug.—The Great Western.
- II.—25 Aug.—The London and North-Western.
- III.—1 Sept.—The Midland.
- IV.—8 Sept.—The Great Northern.
- V.—15 Sept.—The Great Eastern.
- VI.—22 Sept.—The North-Eastern.
- VII.—29 Sept.—The London, Brighton and South Coast.
- VIII.—6 Oct.—The London and South-Western.
- IX.—13 Oct.—The South-Eastern and Chatham.
- X.—20 Oct.—The Lancashire and Yorkshire.
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